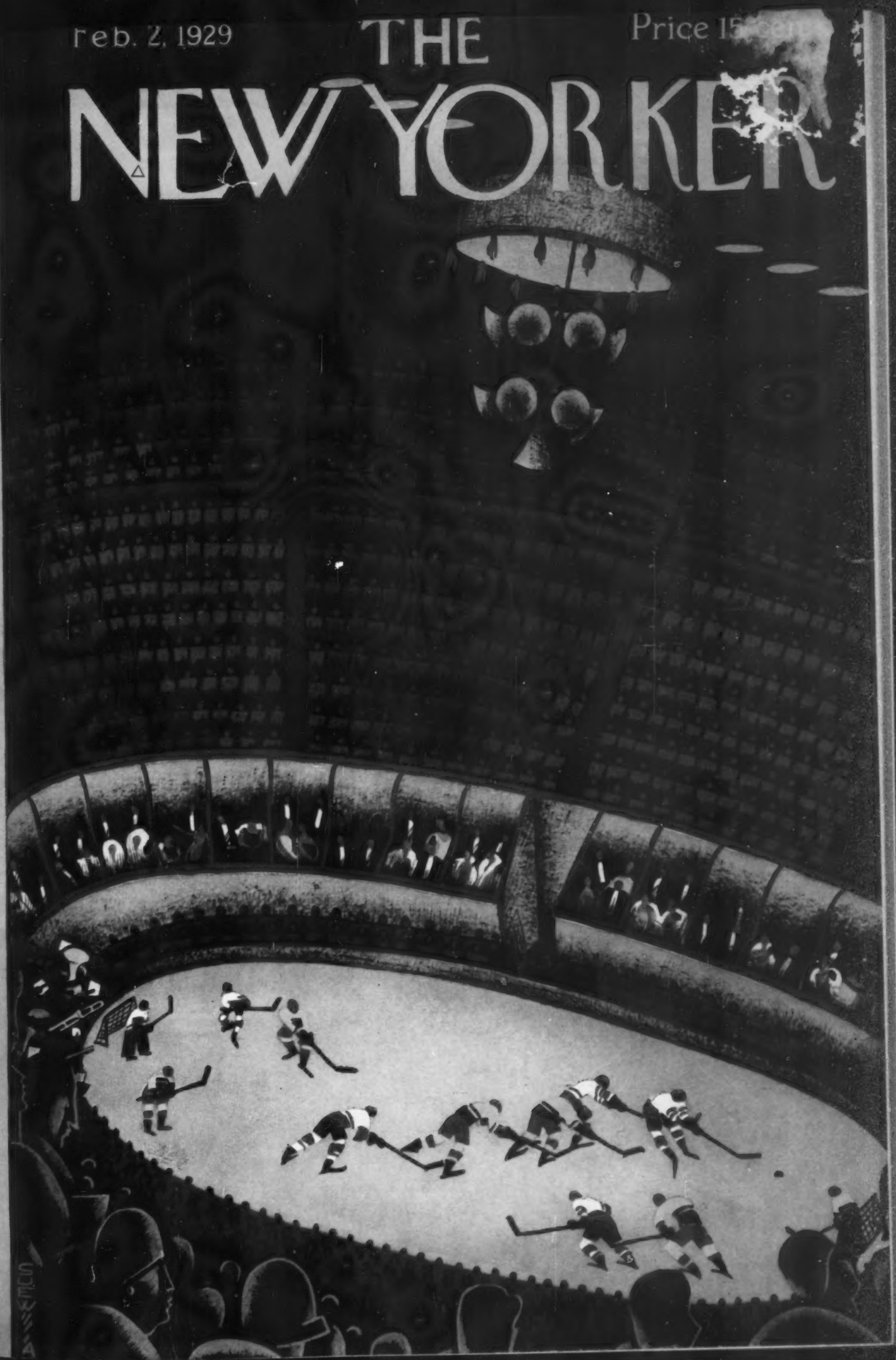
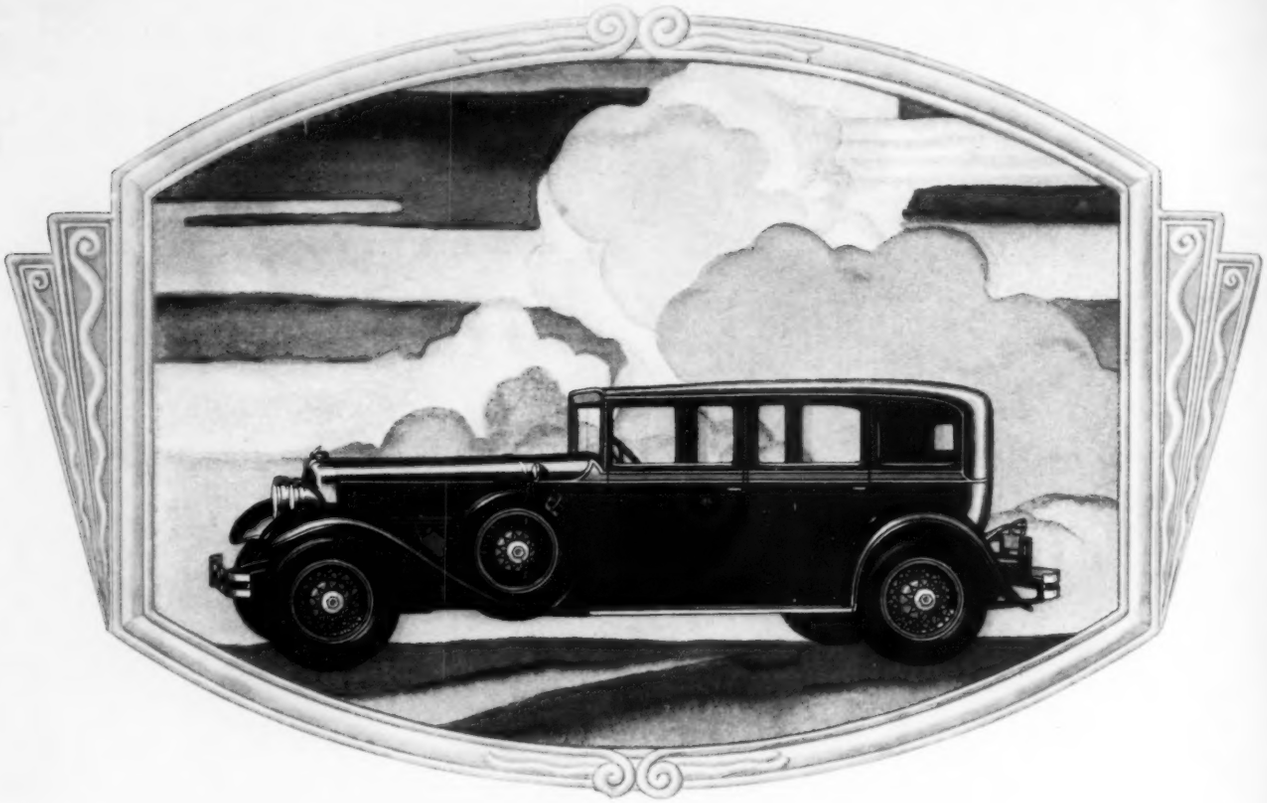
Feb. 2, 1929

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents





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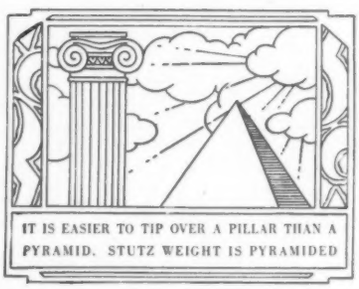

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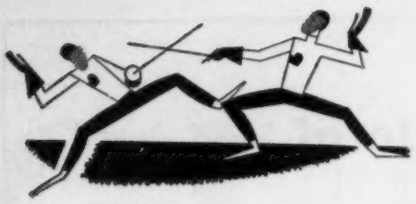
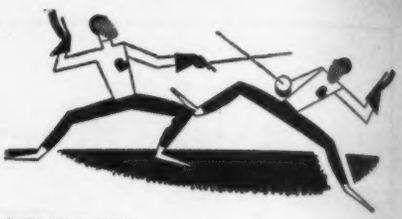


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTHWHILE

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9]

THE THEATR.

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:50 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the mid-week matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE—Katharine Cornell in an elaborate dramatization of Edith Wharton's novel, which has more charm than speed. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

CAPRICE—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne lend an irresistible brilliance to a slight Viennese comedy. (Guild, 52, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

CIVIC REPERTORY—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne —"The Good Hope," a Dutch tragedy of the sea. (Fri. Eve., Feb. 1.) . . . "The Lady from Alfaqueque," light comedy from the Spanish, preceded by Tchekov's one-act "On the High Road." (Sat. Mat., Feb. 2; Wed. and Sat. Eves., Feb. 6 and 9.) . . . "Peter Pan," revival of the Barrie play (Sat. Eve., Feb. 2; Wed. Mat., Feb. 6.) . . . "The Would-Be Gentleman," Molière in English. (Mon. Eve., Feb. 4.) . . . "The Cherry Orchard," Nazimova in Tchekov's exquisite play. (Tues. Eve., Feb. 5; Sat. Mat., Feb. 9.) . . . "L'Invitation au Voyage," a study in repression. (Thurs. Eve., Feb. 7.) . . . "Hedda Gabler," revival of Ibsen's tragedy. (Fri. Eve., Feb. 8.) (Civic Repertory Theatre, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

CYRANO DE BERGERAC—Walter Hampden's perennial revival of the Rostand play. (Hampden, B'way at 62. 2 and 8 P.M.)

THE FRONT PAGE—Why newspapers are so funny. Still one of the most exciting plays in town. (Times Square, 42, W.)

GYPSY—The tragedy of a girl who hates her own promiscuity. (Klaw, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

HOLIDAY—A sparkling comedy about the depressingly rich, by Philip Barry. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs. 2:35 P.M.)

JEALOUSY—Only two people in the cast but plenty of excitement. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 2:50 P.M.)

THE KINGDOM OF GOD—Ethel Barrymore gives a fine performance as a woman who devotes her life to humanity. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

LITTLE ACCIDENT—A charming comedy in which a father runs away with his baby. (Ambassador, 49, W.)

THE MARRIAGE BED—Good thesis drama about marriage and infidelity, credibly acted. (Booth, 45, W. 2:40 P.M.)

MERRY ANDREW—The homely comedy of a man who didn't know how much he loved his drug-store till he sold it. (Henry Miller, 43, E. Mat. Thurs.)

MOISSI—The German actor will appear in two plays during a final week's engagement: Tolstoi's "Redemption," Mon., Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves., Feb. 4, 5, 7, and 9; Wed. Mat., Feb. 6. . . . Ibsen's "Ghosts," Tues. and Sat. Mats., Feb. 5 and 9; Wed. and Fri. Eves., Feb. 6 and 8. (Forrest, 49, W.)

A MOST IMMORAL LADY—Alice Brady makes a silken racketeer into a real person. (Cort, 48, E.)

PARIS—Irene Bordoni singing Cole Porter's priceless songs in an otherwise ordinary farce. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THE PERFECT ALIBI—Completely satisfactory account of a murder and its solution, by A. A. Milne. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 8:25 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Fri. 2:25 P.M.)

POPPA—A tender Jewish comedy that turns into a very funny farce. (Hudson, 44, E.)

S. S. GLENCAIRN—A revival of O'Neill's sea cycle: "In the Zone," "Bound East for Cardiff," "The Long Voyage Home," and "The Moon of the Caribbees." (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal. Every Eve. except Mon. at 8:40; Mat. Sat. only at 2:40.)

SERENA BLANDISH—The fabulous and sometimes tedious comedy of a girl who somehow couldn't make a good match. With Ruth Gordon. (Morosco, 45, W. 2:40 P.M.)

STRANGE INTERLUDE—O'Neill's remarkable nine-act prize-winner that one should see if only in self-defence. With a Guild cast. (Golden, 58, E. No Mats. Curtain at 5:30; intermission for dinner at 7:40.)

STREET SCENE—Life, love, and sudden death, in a New York tenement, vividly portrayed in a very worthy play. (Playhouse, 48, E. 8:30 P.M.)

WINGS OVER EUROPE—The British Cabinet is baffled to know what to do with a Shelleyan scientist who has mastered the atom. A fine play, and you've only two more days to see it. (Martin Beck, 45, W. Closes Sat., Feb. 2.)

ZEPPELIN—Highly improbable but occasionally hair-raising melodrama that takes place in mid-air. (National, 41, W.)

NOTE—"After Dark, or Neither Maid, Wife, nor Widow," Dion Boucicault's mellowest of melodramas produced in the spirit of the palmy days, is worth the trip to the Rialto, 118 Hudson St., Hoboken, where it can be seen Eves. at 8:30, and Wed. and Sat. Mats. at 2:30. (Take Hudson Tubes from 6 Ave. and 33, or Cortlandt St., to Hoboken Sta., which is only a few blocks from the theatre. By motor, take Holland Tunnel, or W. 23rd St. ferry.)

WITH MUSIC

ANIMAL CRACKERS—The gorgeous madness of the Marx Brothers. (44th Street, 44, W.)

BLACKBIRDS—Bill Robinson's practically perfect tap dancing in a good colored revue. (Eltinge, 42, W. Special performance Thurs. at midnight.)

CHAUVE SOURIS—Balieff's album of pretty pictures with no surprising features. (Jolson, 7 Ave. at 59. Mat. Fri.)

EARL CARROLL VANITIES—W. C. Fields in priceless moments of comedy. Mr. Carroll's trappings are not so good. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50. Closes Sat., Feb. 2.)

FOLLOW THRU—Gay and fast, with corking music and plenty of comedy. Recommended unreservedly. (46th Street, 46, W.)

GOOD BOY—Fair musical comedy of the sweet variety, with trick scenery. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53.)

HELLO DADDY!—Some terrible bits of plot, but a good production and cast. Lew Fields is in it. (Cohan, B'way at 43.)

HOLD EVERYTHING!—The music, dancing, and comedy are all there. One of the best. (Broadhurst, 44, W.)

THE NEW MOON—Grave, operatic doings, in old New Orleans, enlivened by Gus Shy and some superior dance routines. (Imperial, 45, W.)

THE RED ROBE—Walter Woolf as a gentleman adventurer of the Richelieu period. (Shubert, 44, W.)

SHOW BOAT—Last season's musical epic and still a favorite. Charles Winninger and Helen Morgan are in it, and the score is Jerome Kern's best. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54. Mat. Thurs.)

THIS YEAR OF GRACE—Gaiety, charm, and wit, and what's most important—Beatrice Lillie and Noel Coward at their best. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

THREE CHEERS—Will Rogers turns a characteristic Fred and Dorothy Stone musical into an uproarious show. (Globe, B'way at 46.)

WHOOPEE—A gorgeous Ziegfeld production with Eddie Cantor supplying the comedy. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

NOTE—Clayton, Jackson, and Durante will be at the Palace on Fri. and Sat., Feb. 1 and 2. Performances at 2 and 8 P.M.

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(Managers often change their minds, so you'd better verify dates.)

FIORETTA—A new musical comedy, with Fannie Brice, Leon Errol, and Lionel Atwill. Opens Tues., Feb. 5. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

Opened too late for review in this issue:

HEDDA GABLER—Revival of Ibsen's play, with Blanche Yurka. (49th Street, 49, W. 8:30 P.M.)

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THE NEW YORKER
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AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

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AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Rhinelander 9000)—Park Avenue refinement; a nice place to dance.*

BARNEY'S, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191)—Village rowdiness, with lots of your friends having fun.

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—Beatrice Lillie, very much in person, and dancing by Moss and Fontana, in a smart atmosphere.*

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Emil Coleman's orchestra at an all-season favorite.*

CLUB PLAZA, Hotel Plaza, 5 Ave. at 59 (Plaza 1740)—Music by the former Pall Mall orchestra. Must dress.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—Where you will find Irene Bordoni and Aaronson's Commanders.*

HEIGH-HO, 35 E. 53 (Wickersham 8585)—Dickerman decorations and good food, where the Lido-Venice used to be. Must dress.

MIDNIGHT FROLIC, New Amsterdam Roof, 42, W. of B'way (Wisconsin 8312)—Helen Morgan, Tamara Geva, and a Ziegfeld show.

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Striking decorations and Vincent Lopez music. Must dress.

VILLA VENICE, 10 E. 60 (Regent 6000)—The younger set dancing in pleasant surroundings. Must dress.

(Continued on page 6)

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FIFTH AVENUE 37TH and 38TH STREETS

NEW YORK

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(Continued from page 4)

YAR, 9 E. 54 (Plaza 0397)—Small, Russian, and attractive. Now open for dancing after the theatre.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—We list only some of the more interesting places of this type—there are many more: The Mirador, 200 W. 51, with an elaborate floor show; Chateau Madrid, 231 W. 54, you will find Jack White amusing; Casanova, 151 W. 54, has a good show; Texas Guinan Showplace, 203 W. 54, with the irrepressible Texas herself; The Rendezvous, Winter Garden Bldg., B'way between 50 and 51, has Clayton, Jackson, and Durante to recommend it.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—For informal and inexpensive evenings: The County Fair, 54 E. 9; Mori's, 144 Bleecker; and The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.

HARLEM—Small's, 7 Ave. at 134; Connie's Inn, 7 Ave. at 131; and The Cotton Club, 644 Lenox, at 142, are among the better places for first visitors not under expert guidance. Go very late.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Kavkaz, B'way at 53, is always good, particularly Saturday nights.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Regent 4900).

MOTION PICTURES

ALIAS JIMMY VALENTINE—The well-known play of the safe-crackers made into an amusing picture, with some successful talking scenes. William Haines and Lionel Barrymore are in it. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 6 P.M.)

MY MAN—Fannie Brice Vitaphoning some of her best songs. (Warner, B'way at 52; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M.)

THE RIVER—Love in the wilderness, with Charles Farrell and Mary Duncan, and worth attention. (Gaiety, B'way at 46; 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.; extra performance Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

THE SINGING FOOL—Al Jolson, almost in person. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

SINS OF THE FATHERS—A sentimental but superior picture of a waiter who becomes a bootlegger, with some fine acting by Emil Jannings. (Rivoli, B'way at 49; performances continuous from 10:15 A.M.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "The Barker," Milton Sills in a fairly entertaining movie of the carnival play; "Four Devils," some thrilling moments in circus life; "The Rescue," an excellent movie of Conrad's novel of the Malay Archipelago; "Scarlet Seas," Mr. Barthelmess undergoing the hardships of shipwreck, mutiny, and spiritual love on the southern seas.

ART

BILLINGS—First one-man show of a newcomer: Daniel, 600 Madison, above 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

BOUDIN—Retrospective show of one of the milder French masters: Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

CUBISM—Examples of pre-war work, Derain, Miro, etc.: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

DATA—Notes and sketches from the great, Delacroix to Van Gogh and Weber: Neumann, 9 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Thurs., Feb. 7.

DUCHAMP-VILLON—Memorial works of one of the moderns in sculpture: Brummer, 27 E. 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Feb. 9.

GANSO—Paintings; also sculpture by Flannagan, and monotypes by Campbell: Whitney, 10 W. 8. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.; through Sat., Feb. 9.

MODERNS—Examples of the good painters, European and American, all living: New York University, 100 Wash. Sq. E. Open weekdays 8 A.M. to 9 P.M.; Sat. until 5 P.M.

O'KEEFFE—Annual fireworks of an unusual woman painter. Opens Mon., Feb. 4: Stieglitz Room 303, Anderson Galleries, Park at 59. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 5 P.M.

PRINTS—Modern prints of the famous from Delacroix to Laurencin: Keppel, 16 E. 51. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

SOVIET—Hundreds of paintings, and handicraft, from the new republic: 12th floor, Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

WATER COLORS—Dufy, Vlaminck, Picasso, and other modern French: Reinhardt, 730 5 Ave., at 57. Open weekdays 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9]

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

KATHERINE BACON—One of the most charming of pianists. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Feb. 2.

ALBERT SPALDING—A fiddle master returns. Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Feb. 3.

SIGRID ONEGIN—About as fine contralto as you'll hear. Town Hall, Sun. Aft., Feb. 3.

MUSICAL ART QUARTET—Another concert by this euphonious group. Golden Theatre, 58, E. of B'way, Sun. Eve., Feb. 3, at 8:45.

SOPHIE BRASLAU—One of our leading concert contraltos. Barbizon, 140 E. 63, Tues. Eve., Feb. 5.

MYRA HESS AND HAROLD SAMUEL—Two-piano music by two extraordinary pianists. Town Hall, Tues. Eve., Feb. 5.

JOSEF LHEVINNE—Great week for pianists. Here's another fine one. Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Feb. 5.

MORIZ ROSENTHAL—And still another! Carnegie Hall, Wed. Eve., Feb. 6.

PAUL KOCHANSKI—One of the artists of the violin. Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Feb. 8.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Schelling conducting (Children's Concert): Carnegie Hall, Sat. Morns., Feb. 2 and 9, at 11. . . . Gabrilowitsch conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 7, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Feb. 8, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Feb. 9, at 8:45.

BOSTON SYMPHONY—Koussevitzky conducting: Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Feb. 2, at 2:30.

INTER-PREPARATORY GLEE CLUB CONTEST—Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Feb. 2.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Aïda," Fri. Aft., Feb. 1, at 2; "Pelléas et Mélisande," Fri. Eve., Feb. 1, at 8; "Lucia di Lammermoor," Sat. Aft., Feb. 2, at 2; "Die Walkuere," Sat. Eve., Feb. 2, at 8. (Schedule for later dates to be announced.)

ON THE AIR

OPERA—"Der Freischütz," Fri., Feb. 1, at 8 P.M., over WOR. . . . "Barber of Seville," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 7, at 8 P.M., over WABC.

NATIONAL ORCHESTRA—Damrosch conducting: Sat., Feb. 2, at 8 P.M., over WEAF.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Schelling conducting (Children's Concert): Sat. Morns., Feb. 2 and 9, at 11 A.M., over WOR. . . . Fritz Reiner conducting: Sun., Feb. 3, at 3:15 P.M., from Brooklyn, over WOR.

PAUL WHITEMAN—And his orchestra: Tues., Feb. 5, at 9 P.M., over WABC.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Max Schmeling vs. Johnny Risko, Fri., Feb. 1; Buddy Taylor vs. Al Singer, Fri., Feb. 8; preliminaries start at 8:15 P.M.

HOCKEY—Games at Madison Square Garden at 8:45 P.M.: N. Y. Americans vs. Toronto, Sun. Eve., Feb. 3. . . . N. Y. Rangers vs. Montreal, Tues. Eve., Feb. 5. . . . N. Y. Americans vs. Chicago, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 7.

INDOOR POLO—Games at Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, at 8:30 P.M.: Brooklyn Riding and Driving vs. Allenhurst, and 105th Field Artillery vs. Squadron A, Sat. Eve., Feb. 2. . . . Cathedral Cup Matches: Yale vs. Princeton, and Brooklyn Riding and Driving vs. a picked team of New York players, Wed. Eve., Feb. 6. . . . 101st Cavalry vs. Squadron A, and The Riding Club vs. Squadron A, Sat. Eve., Feb. 9.

The annual mid-winter tournament of the New York Athletic Club will be held at the 105th F. A. Armory, Franklin Ave. at 166, Bronx, on the following dates: Sat., Feb. 2, at 3:30 and 8:30 P.M.; Mon. and Thurs., Feb. 4 and 7, at 5:30 P.M.; Sat., Feb. 9, at 8:30 P.M. (Finals).

INDOOR TRACK—Millrose A. A. Meet, Madison Square Garden, Sat., Feb. 9, at 8:15 P.M.

OTHER EVENTS

RUTH DRAPER—In her extraordinary character sketches: Comedy Theatre, 41, E. of B'way; Every Eve., except Mon., at 8:50; Mats. Thurs. and Sat. at 2:50.

DANCE RECITALS—Harald Kreutzberg, the distinguished European dancer, assisted by Yvonne Georgi: Fulton Theatre, 46, W. of B'way, Fri. Aft., Feb. 1, at 2:30, and Sat. Eve., Feb. 2, at 8:50.

ALBERT CARROLL—In his slants on prominent personalities, and Carola Goya in Spanish dances: Theatre Masque, 45, W. of B'way. Every Eve. at 9, and Wed. and Sat. Mats. at 3.

AVIATION SHOW—Opens at Grand Central Palace Wed., Feb. 6, at 1 P.M.; thereafter weekdays 11 A.M. to 10:30 P.M., through Wed., Feb. 13.

MUSICALES—Toscha Seidel, violinist; John Carroll, baritone; and Angna Enters, dancer, will appear at the Roosevelt Recital, Grand Ballroom, Hotel Roosevelt, Fri. Morn., Feb. 1, at 11:30. . . . Nina Morgana, soprano; and Moriz Rosenthal, pianist, will take part in the next Biltmore Musicale, Ballroom, Hotel Biltmore, Fri. Morn., Feb. 8, at 11.

FOR CHILDREN—Dorothy Gordon, folk-song recital in costume, Sat. Aft., Feb. 2, at 2:30; "The Wizard of Oz," Sat. Aft., Feb. 9, at 2:30: Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104.

AUCTIONS—At the Anderson Galleries, Park at 59—American and English furniture, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Feb. 1 and 2, at 2. . . . Hooked rugs from the J. L. Hutchinson collection, Tues. and Wed. Afts., Feb. 5 and 6, at 2. . . . At the American Art Galleries, Madison at 57: The Ton Ying collection of Chinese porcelains, jades, etc., Fri. and Sat. Afts., Feb. 1 and 2, at 2:15. . . . Americana, including Washington letters and Walt Whitman items, Tues. Aft., Feb. 5, at 2:15; Tues. and Wed. Eves., Feb. 5 and 6, at 8:15. . . . Paintings and other art from the Metropolitan Museum, Wed. and Thurs. Afts., Feb. 6 and 7, at 2:15; Thurs. Eve., Feb. 7, at 8:15. . . . Early American furniture and glass, Fri. and Sat. Afts., Feb. 8 and 9, at 2:15.

COMING EVENTS

(Our monthly reminder for readers who look ahead.)

ART—Raoul Dufy, Arden Gallery, opening Feb. 11. . . . Independents, Waldorf, Mar. 8-31.

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square every Sun., Tues., and Thurs., until the middle of March.

MUSIC—Orchestra: Philharmonic-Symphony, Gabrilowitsch conducting through Feb. 15; Molinari conducting Feb. 16-17; Toscanini starts conducting Feb. 21. . . . Philadelphia Orchestra, Mar. 5 and 19. . . . Boston Symphony, Mar. 7 and 9. (All at Carnegie Hall.) . . . Important Recitals: Rachmaninoff, Feb. 16; Lhevinne, Feb. 17; Yehudi Menuhin, Feb. 24; Levitzki, Feb. 26. (All at Carnegie Hall.)

PUBLIC BALL—Veterans' Ball, Waldorf, Feb. 11.

THEATRE OPENINGS—Among the productions scheduled are: "Dynamo," by Eugene O'Neill and produced by the Theatre Guild, Martin Beck Theatre, Feb. 11. . . . "Let Us Be Gay," by Rachel Crothers, with Francine Larrimore, Little Theatre, Feb. 18. . . . "Katherina," from an Andreyev play, with Nazimova, Civic Repertory Theatre, Feb. 25.

TRACK—N. Y. A. C. meet, Madison Square Garden, Feb. 18. . . . A. A. U. National Track and Field meet, Madison Square Garden, Feb. 23. . . . Intercollegiate A. A. A. A. meet, 102nd Engineers Armory, Mar. 2.

OTHER DATES—Dog Show, Westminster Kennel Club, Madison Square Garden, Feb. 11-13. . . . Ash Wednesday begins Lent, Feb. 13. . . . Six-Day Bike Race, Madison Square Garden, Mar. 2-9.

MODEL 1

MODEL 2

The New NADA Fashions Are Ready

(Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.)

MODEL 3

MODEL 4

"Nadas" are America's outstanding series of trademarked fashions. In quality, distinction, and youthful chic they are in a class by themselves. Designed by and exclusive with Best's.

The new series includes nine models—four are pictured

Model 1—35.00
Plain flat crepe or printed silk

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Kashmere Norma with galyak scarf

Misses' sizes 14x to 20

Best & Co.
Fifth Avenue at 35th St.,—N. Y.

Two Lanvin gowns — black for the mother, white for the daughter. But Charles Martin mingles fiction with fashion, for he romantically entitles this drawing "An Introduction that Will Result in a Marriage." So Harper's Bazar adroitly combines fashion with fiction to make an ensemble of the interests of the smart woman.

Such fictionists as Stephen Vincent Benet, Irvin S. Cobb and Alec Waugh, such critics as St. John Ervine, and such fashionists as Marjorie Howard and Baron de Meyer, give a brilliant balance to this felicitous February number.

Yes, your news-stand has it.

HARPER'S BAZAR — for February

HAF-HEEL* HOSIERY

THE PROOF OF CHIC of any woman at any smart occasion is "Haf-Heel". This is the new 'little' heel... the modern Kayser version of the square heel. Subtle of line... small in design... adequate protection. In a hose famed for beauty and wear. For service sheer weight 90X is the choice, $1.50. This season 153X enjoys popularity with those who prefer a fine gauge chiffon, with lavender picot edge, $1.95. And, a 54 gauge hose is 70X for formal wear, $5.50.

Kayser

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Thomas

Bootmaker Extraordinary

TO the select company of London establishments already affiliated exclusively with Saks-Fifth Avenue, is now added one of the most lustrous names of all—Thomas, bootmaker by Royal Appointment. A collection of Thomas footwear has already arrived—it is worthy of your immediate attention.

SAKS-FIFTH AVENUE

NEW YORK

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE met a young man recently who astonished us beyond measure and enlarged our conception of what goes on in the world. This young man is working toward a definite goal—he seriously intends to become President of the United States, and candidly admits it. Further, there is very little doubt in his mind that this happy consummation will come about. All the details of his life are being shaped with this end in view. He has entered the law and is making advantageous contacts with persons who are in a position to launch him into public life and smooth the long path to the White House. He recent-

ly broke his engagement with a young lady because he discovered in her certain qualities which he thought unfitted her for first lady of the land. (He found her kissing another gentleman.) The most amazing thing about the case is that, as far as we can see, his chances of becoming President are excellent. We never knew anyone in whom the characteristics of Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover were so craftily blended. Even in his conversation he refers to the nation of which he is to become the head as "this great country of ours." We hail him already, although reserving our vote.

FOR years, a friend of ours has been quietly at work on a scheme for reducing the quantity of unsolicited mail matter which arrives on his desk every day. He now reports progress. At one time he was on the mailing list of practically every business house in the country, and reluctantly opened and read his mail every morning. Now, every piece of worthless literature he

receives he immediately places—envelope and all—in a cheap, large envelope and addresses it to the highest ranking executive of the concern from which it came. He then drops it, without affixing any postage, into the nearest mail box. His theory is that after the business houses have expended a sufficient sum on "postage due," they will cross his name off their mailing lists. Last year he received two hundred and eighty-nine fewer pieces of unsolicited mail than he received in 1927.

THE Pathé rooster that comes out and crows at the start of Pathé pictures, would be a welcome fowl to us if we could be sure that he and his kind would supplant those introductory film titles that appear letter by letter before our eyes. In our day we have sat through tens of thousands of words spelled out one letter at a time—some-

times the letters jumped out of inkpots, sometimes they turned somersaults, and always they were too slow for us and we knew what the word was before they had completed it. The rooster, and things like it, may possibly be a step forward; we can never be sure. Like as not the next trip we make to the movies we will have to sit through a crowing rooster *and* words spelled out. That would be more than we could bear in our weak condition.

OUR admiration for all industrials is great; but we feel a particular admiration for the makers of paper drinking-cups. We have been studying the paper-drinking-cup racket around our office, and find that the cups are constructed with marvellous ingenuity. The glue, or whatever holds them together, is of such a consistency that it lasts just long enough for one drink;

then disintegration starts. When you first seize the cup and pry it open, it is stiff, able, and tight. You drink, and at precisely the right moment the cup wilts, seams open up, and in your hand is nothing but a wet piece of paper. For a second drink you must take a new cup. It is with pride that we think of the men who must have worked hundreds of hours in big smelly laboratories to perfect a cup which would take you through one drink, and no more.

FEY is the office boy, very fey. We could not live without our office boy, and we have the greatest difficulty living with him. Yesterday, during one of our long redundant absences, he took a phone call that came in. "I called to ask if Mr.—— can come to dinner tonight?" said the voice. "Yes," said our office boy, agreeably. Later

he told us all about it. "Very good," we said, "and may I ask *who* I am to dine with tonight?" He didn't know. He didn't get the name.

The Rescuers

A NAUTICAL man tells us something of Captain Fried, and also Chief Officer Manning, who commanded the America's lifeboat when it rescued the crew of the Florida. Fried started as an enlisted man, or plain gob, in the navy, and his rise is an unusual achievement. His home is a prosaic four-room apartment in Broadway near 214th Street, the walls of which are hung with chromos of sea scenes, family photographs, the scrolls presented to him after the Antinoe rescue, and his marriage certificate. He is ashore one week in five in the winter and four days a month in the summer. During such times he rarely goes out in the evening, preferring to sit around the house in an old pair of flannel trousers and a striped blazer and go to bed early. He will sit for hours at a window, smoking his pipe and watching the traffic, which fascinates him. Or he may read. He is a considerable reader and, as his reports on the Florida rescue showed, commands a clear narrative style in writing. He collects stamps, pieces of pottery, and has several shelves of autographed books, inscribed mostly by authors who have travelled with him at one time or another. He accepts these books, but ashore he rarely associates with the celebrities whose acquaintance he makes aboard ship. He gets numberless invitations but rejects nearly all of them. He drinks enormous quantities of coffee, having formed the habit because of the long stretches he puts in on the bridge, frequently of forty hours. The only dessert he ever eats is apple pie. On his birthday Mrs. Fried puts candles in a pie instead of a cake. He will take a ship through any kind of weather but he will not drive his automobile in heavy traffic. Every morning, when living at home, he goes downtown in the subway to visit his ship, telling his wife he must superintend something or other. Often there is nothing to superintend, but he never omits the trip.

Manning, the chief officer, is just past thirty. He took to the sea as a lark in 1914, some school chums having persuaded him to go along with them and join the Nautical Training Ship Newport. He didn't like the sea, and had decided to take up another occupation when the war came along. He went into the transport service. By the time the war was over he had such a good job, having won several promotions, that he remained a ship's officer. Since then he has advanced rapidly. Four times he has commanded the Roosevelt on voyages to Europe and back, being on such occasions, we are told, the youngest skipper of a transatlantic liner. From time to time, he speaks disparagingly of the sea. He dislikes standing watch in storms because he is easily affected by exposure. On several occasions he has been sick and in bed for three or four days with a cold. Nor does he get along with some of the old sea dogs. Once he got transferred from a ship because he didn't like to say good morning to the skipper, and wouldn't. Captain Fried is an idol of his, however.

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"Ah, Rolfe—how's every little thing?"

Catching the Name

MISS MAUREEN ORCUTT, metropolitan women's golfing champion, attending a dinner a little while ago, drew as a dinner partner a Mr. Foster Gilroy, a golfer. He hadn't caught her name and when, in response to a question, she said she had played golf a little, he told her she ought to go in for it seriously, that it was fine for young women, developed their muscles, and so on. He was about to illustrate by means of a fork one of the beneficial strokes of the game, when someone on his left gave him the word as to who the lady was. Miss Orcutt overheard this and was downcast. "Now just you go right on

and tell me," she said to Mr. Gilroy, but he merely said, "Ha ha, ah well," and inspected his oysters with profound concentration.

Famous Pancakes

A FELLOW who set about, in the restaurants of the city, to learn the origin of Crêpes Suzette has wound up in bewilderment, for while each of the chefs he asked told him readily and eloquently how the dish came about, they all told him different stories. He got as many as three distinct explanations, and various versions of these. He is now at an impasse, afraid to pursue the matter further with his sources of information, since he realizes that French dishes are not invented or named lightly and that he might easily create a situation that would be provocative of argument and, perhaps, duels.

The first, and the prettiest, account credits the origin of the Crêpes to Henri, owner, maître d'hôtel, and life of Henri's excellent restaurant at Lynbrook, Long Island. In his younger days Henri (it is related) was chef at a distinguished restaurant on the Riviera, and there one day was commissioned to prepare a dinner for Edward VII, then the Prince of Wales. Traditionally, a chef was expected to bring forth a new dish under such circumstances, and on this occasion Henri produced his at the end of the meal. At dessert time he appeared in person at the table, with chafing dish, ingredients, and a committee of assistants, and, with great flourish, turned out the dessert in question. The Prince liked it much and inquired its name. Henri bowed and announced it as Crêpes au Prince Edouard. To this the Prince objected, saying such a charming dish should bear a lady's name. "Why not call it after the lady who is present?" he asked. This baffled Henri, for the dinner was stag and no lady was present; but the Prince then enticed a very small girl from beneath the table, whither she had fled upon the magnificent approach of Henri. She was a waif who had strayed into the restaurant from the streets. Henri asked her name and she replied, "Suzette." "Alors," said Henri, "voici des Crêpes Suzette!"

The second story, of which Léon, maître d'hôtel of the Caviar Restaurant, is sponsor, goes back to the times of Talleyrand, at a moment when he was the admirer and protector of a charming actress named Suzette. On the occasion of a dinner given in her honor, the chef, in this tale one Carême, was called upon to prepare a dainty dish and used what then passed for a chafing dish to create what he called, in tribute to the guest of honor, Crêpes Suzette.

The third tale is that the dish was created in the year 1860 by Monsieur Dugniol, *gérant* of the famous Restaurant Paillard in Paris. He made it of sweet butter and *fine champagne* and called it by the name of Crêpes du Diable Boiteux. Later, for some reason lost to memory, the name was changed to Suzette. Sweet butter is still one of the main ingredients but the liqueur has been changed, the accepted recipe calling for Curaçao Mandarine.

In the course of his research, the investigator learned of one French dish whose origin seems clear, namely, *pommes soufflées*. This delightful way of fixing potatoes was discovered by accident in 1845, when the first railroad in France was inaugurated. The chef of the dining-car was disturbed when his guests were an hour late, because the French-fried potatoes had grown cold and were apparently ruined. When the diners did arrive, however, he put the potatoes—*pommes frites* were then cut in ovals—into the hot fat to see if he could revive them. To his astonishment they puffed up like balloons and proved to be most excellent to eat. It was a gala day for France, with a new railroad and a new recipe for potatoes.

Wit

THE patience of an irritable industrial chemist has been sorely tried by receipt of wrong numbers over his bedside phone. He woke up the other morning to be jawed at about the non-delivery of bathtubs. "We've got them in now," said the chemist, "thousands of them, thousands of bathtubs. And we're going to allow you a big discount because of the delay." "That's fine," said the complainant, cheerfully. "We'll send the trucks right down for them." The chemist hung up, chuckling devilishly.

This same man received a call the next morning from a man who demanded brusquely, "Hello, Credit Association?" "Yes," said the lying chemist. "How's credit Smithers & Watkins (or some such firm) in Bridgeport?" "Rotten," said the chemist. "Uh," said the voice, "they don't pay in sixty days?" "Never been known to," replied the fiend, and that ended that. He doesn't know what happened in these cases.

In connection with the telephone company, we have a correction to make. We stated recently that the Hotel Majestic was listed first in the directory by using the device of prefixing A. A. A. to its name. The fact is that this was just a break for the hotel. A. A. A. stands for American Automobile Association, which has its headquarters there, as thousands of people (it is pointed out to us) know.

Carnival

THE first adventure in our own personal investigation of the present traffic situation in the theatre district came at Forty-third and Sixth Avenue, where a cop pushed us gently back upon the sidewalk. "Oop," we said. "Sorry," he said. "Your first contact with this, eh?" He was quite friendly. We made for Times Square. The green light was shining east and west at Forty-second Street, but when we tried to cross a policeman who was talking with a man stopped us. We tried again. "Hold it, mister," said the cop. "Green light," said we. "Oh, terrible sorry," said the cop. Everybody made mistakes, even the police, but it was infinitely gay and charming. The carnival spirit continued all week. The cordons of policemen at every curb chatted with the girls, and the girls teased them. Everyone was gay and did everything but throw confetti at one another.

The main tent of the carnival was the large triangle of pavement roped off in front of the Astor, where stands

Commissioner Whalen's green booth. He wasn't in it when we got there, but a moment later we caught a glimpse of him hurrying into the Astor for a bite of dinner. In a brief while he came back, jumped into the booth, jumped out again, leaped into his big car, and went away. There was a tense interest in the group that watched him. Indeed, on the first night, when he climbed up into the traffic-control tower next to the booth, a mild cheer went up.

The booth itself is furnished with four telephones and a switchboard which connects with twelve other booths in the restricted area. A gold watch hangs on the wall of the booth which, on the evening we were there, usually contained two or three men in evening dress, in addition to the officers. Cream-colored scarves, silk hats, gold-headed canes, moved about in the cramped space. Every so often, Whalen appeared from somewhere, bobbed into the booth and out again. Twice, when he plunged away, we were told, it was to make talks at banquets. About eleven o'clock his car came back with only the driver in the front seat and the Commissioner's malacca cane in back. He had got out somewhere in the Fifties to walk down. It was 12:02 by the Maxwell House Coffee clock before he arrived, fresh and bouncing. At this field headquarters he was consistently friendly and gay. Everyone, in fact, was courteous, even the great-jowled, pugnacious-looking Chief Inspector O'Brien, who was asked a hundred idle questions by the "audience."

The new system seems in some measure to have relieved the traffic congestion inside the Astor, owing perhaps to the snappy, move-along spirit which prevails. For the first time since we can remember, we saw empty chairs in the lobby there.

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A SPEAKEASY in Broadway has met the liquor situation by posting on the wall a weekly analysis of its goods, signed by a chemist. One item thereon reads virtuously: "Scotch, cut, but entirely suitable for beverage purposes."

Tragedy

ONE Marshal of France we heard of had for weeks been looking forward to the Beaux Arts Ball but was bitterly crushed the following morning to realize that he hadn't got there. The senior partner of a law firm, he had had a hard day at the office, and had been wearied further by fittings for his costume. A festive

dinner made him drowsy, and by the time he had, by a mighty effort, got into tight breeches and boots he fell over on his bed, cocked hat and all, and completely worn out, went into a dreamless sleep.

Rockefeller Fun

FROM a recent guest of the Rockefellers at Pocantico Hills we learned of the playhouse John D., Jr., has built for his five sons there. It is a three-story affair, made of native rubble-stone, standing a few hundred feet from the elaborate Rockefeller mansion and near the cottage which Abby Rockefeller, her husband, David Milton, and their infant daughter, use for a weekend home. The first floor has a swimming pool, showers, dressing-rooms, and great stone fireplace—the Rockefeller boys are all skilled swimmers, having been tutored in swimming and diving almost from the time they could walk. On the second floor are a kitchen, pantry, breakfast-room, and a number of bedrooms, the whole fully staffed with servants. The young men frequently

entertain guests overnight. On this floor is also a photographic darkroom where the youngsters may indulge the hobby, shared by all five, of making movies and developing the negatives. Here too is a spacious lounge from which doors lead to a card-room and two fine bowling alleys. The third floor houses a music-room where the youngsters and their friends are occasionally entertained by professional talent from the concert world, and off of this room are dens—one for each son—studies, and a billiard-room.

The grounds round about are fitted up with tennis courts, a baseball diamond, and a croquet court. The tennis courts are surfaced with materials brought from Europe. The Rockefellers have been coached by experts in this game and they all play well, although Nelson, who is twenty and a senior at Dartmouth, is the only one who has won any athletic distinction off the Pocantico grounds. He made the varsity soccer team. Just now all the boys spend most of their play hours in skating, at which none of them, however, is as adept at either speed or figure-cutting as their fifty-four-year-old father.

Flotsam

ONE story of the killing of Rothstein had it that he wasn't shot over a disputed gambling loss, but because of his attempt to stop the famous, more or less, "floating" crap game. Rothstein had intended to start up one or two pretentious gambling houses and went to the Park Central to serve notice on the "floating" gamesters that they had to stop operations—their type of game seemed likely to interfere with business in established gambling houses. Rothstein was dictatorial and an argument resulted in which he was shot. That was the version.

As to the truth of this, we know not, but the "floating" game did exist, being held in a different place each night, and it is said still goes on. Evidence to this effect is offered by a gentleman who descended into a lonely subway station late one night last week. No train being in sight, he was strolling along the platform whistling quietly to himself until distracted by noises emanating from the porter's room built into the wall. Peering in, he saw five or six men on the floor, shooting craps. He entered, with some vague idea of risking a dollar or two himself should they prove fraternal. He was discouraged in this at once, however, when he saw that they were playing with thousand-dollar bills and when one man rose to go, calmly declaring, "Well, that's sixty-two thousand, and enough for tonight." The stranger quietly departed the room and resumed his strolling and whistling..

Tip

ITEM for Sunday supplement editors: One of the salesladies at the glassware counter in Altman's is (unbeknownst to Altman's) Miss Nancy Samuel, daughter of Sir Herbert Samuel, former British High Commissioner in Palestine, former Home Secretary, etc., etc. Miss Samuel came here some months ago as a member of a debating team representing English colleges and instead of going home later, decided to get a job. She lives in one room in a boarding house. It is understood that Sir Herbert does not believe in all this, regarding it as pure tosh-tosh, and expects her to return to her home soon.

—THE NEW YORKERS

RED LETTER DAY AT THE SOUTH POLE

The New York Times reporter, sensing a "color" story, goes without his lunch to interview a happy walrus

ADDISON MIZNER, OR THE SEASON AT PALM BEACH

PALM BEACH, FLA., Jan 30—Addison Mizner gave a luncheon in Barclay Warburton's patio today for eight. It was a costume affair and all the guests came dressed as Addison Mizner. Those invited were Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Dillman, Major Barclay Warburton, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Seligman, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Dillman and Addison Mizner. Those who came were Addison Mizner, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Dillman, Maurice Fatio, Major Barclay Warburton, Rodman Wanamaker II, Mrs. Graham Fair Vanderbilt and how do you like your new car, Mame?

PALM BEACH, FLA., Jan. 31—Major Barclay Warburton was elected Mayor of Palm Beach today after a hot campaign. Florida went Republican. (See if you can get WMCA, Mame; I think Rube Goldberg is singing Mimi in "La Bohème" there tonight.)

PALM BEACH, FLA., Feb. 1—One of the most brilliant social functions of what appears to be the gayest social season here since 1928 was the costume ball, or bal masque, given last evening at the Everglades Club by Mr. and Mrs. Somebody. All the guests came dressed in costumes of the Elizabethan period. The decorations were also Elizabethan and consisted of jack-o'-lanterns made of real pumpkins, strips of yellow and black crêpe paper suspended from the ceiling, and pictures of witches riding brooms.

The Elizabethan motif was further carried out by a butler who entered the dining room at frequent intervals and shouted "Elizabeth." All the guests were required to come dressed as Josephine, and the prize for the most original costume was awarded to Mrs. Heber Glenkin, who came as Miss Muffett. Mrs. Glenkin is the former widow of the former widower of the former widow of the late railway magnate, George K. Railway, and she recently erected a villa here at a cost of eight million dollars. It is all pink stucco, and has a patio. The butlers and maids all wear pink stucco uniforms and have patios. Each maid costs four hundred and fifty thousand dollars. So Mrs. Glenkin decided to come dressed as Miss Muffett. She wore a Pierrot costume.

PALM BEACH, FLA., Feb. 2—Major Barclay Warburton has been elected Mayor of Palm Beach again.

PALM BEACH, FLA., Feb. 3—This is the most brilliant social season here since 1928. (Mame, is that the dumb-waiter bell or the telephone?)

PALM BEACH, FLA., Feb. 4—Arthur Somers Roche gave a dinner tonight in honor of Mrs. Arthur Somers Roche. It was a costume affair, the guest being Mrs. Roche, who came as Arthur Somers Roche.

PALM BEACH, FLA., Feb. 4—Maurice Fatio, Maurice Fatio, Maurice Fatio, Maurice Fatio, Maurice Fatio, Maurice Fatio, and Addison Mizner to you, baby!

PALM BEACH, FLA., Feb. 5—The score in the elegant mansion contest now stands as follows:

Mrs. Hugh Dillman—eight elegant mansions at a total cost of thirty-five million dollars.

Mrs. Edwin T. Stotesbury—eight elegant mansions at a cost of thirty-five million dollars.

PALM BEACH, FLA., Feb. 6—It certainly is a gay social season. "Brilliant" is no word for it. The place is thronged with brilliantly dressed society leaders, and the younger set is here, too. Oh you younger set.

PALM BEACH, FLA., Feb. 7—Somebody gave a brilliant luncheon for somebody today. The guests were Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Dillman, Maurice Fatio, Major Barclay Warburton, who was recently elected Mayor of Palm Beach; Mr. and Mrs., Mr. and Mrs., Mr. and Mrs., and Miss Thingabob, who made her début at the Ritz on Christmas Eve. And what a début! It's a good thing the next day wasn't Tap Day at Yale.

PALM BEACH, FLA., Feb. 8—Society here, ever on the alert for a new sensation, has gone in for—of all things—fishing! Shades of the late

"And right in the middle of Beethoven's 'Moonlight Sonata' I saw Hessie Palmer."

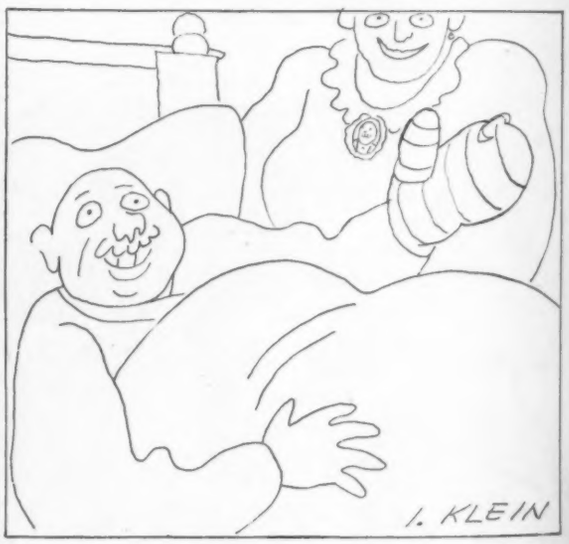
HAPPINESS NEWS

Our Reporter Finds Happiness in the Heart of This Big City

HAPPY IN NURSES' ARMS are six wee Rosenbergs at Bronx Maternity Hospital. "They are alike as six peas," said Mr. Adolph Rosenberg, of 410 Gun Hill Road, proudly.

SMILES THROUGH TEARS. Pretty Mrs. Irma Rumson (above) as she appeared five minutes after winning $150,000 for desertion. "It was painful to break with Charles," she told reporters.

HAPPY REUNION through our paper. William Uttley, of 31 West 16th Street, inserted a Lost ad in our columns, and is here shown welcoming "Spot" back. Dog-and-boy happiness knows no bounds.



HAPPY, WINS BET. John Bologna, Brooklynite, won $3 when he ate 44 sausages in one sitting. Mr. Bologna is showing his hand which he bit in the excitement of the tournament.

Mrs. Astor! Mrs. Theodore P. B. G. Twink (the *dashing* Mrs. Theodore P.B. G. Twink; she that was formerly the dashing Mrs. Oliver M.J.P. McTwesson, and before that the dashing Mrs. Henry M.K.L. Van Sitdown, and before that the dashing Eloise Pittle of Aberdeen Proving Ground, Md.) is responsible for the new fad.

Fishing consists in extracting indignant members of "the finny tribe," or fish, from their native element, the sea. Ordinarily it is practised by men called fishermen, who gain a living by selling the pelts and bones from the captured fish, retaining the marrow for food.

Mrs. Twink was gracious enough to grant your correspondent a brief interview on her newest fad.

"I hear you have taken up fishing," said your correspondent, as Mrs. Twink received him in the patio (pink stucco) of her five-million-dollar villa. "Won't you tell the readers of THE NEW YORKER something of your experiences?"

"Ah, you writers, you photographers!" sighed Mrs. Twink, "will you never let us prominent society leaders alone? I hope not. Well, since you must know, you must. You may say that I think fishing is too perfectly thrilling. I shall always fish. You may say that. How did I come to take up fishing? Well, everything else had been taken up by somebody else; it was up to me to think, and think quickly, for *Vogue* had not printed my picture in four consecutive months."

Mrs. Twink shuddered.

"Fancy having to think quickly. It was too awful, but when you have to do a thing you do it, so I thought quickly. I hired a press agent. Horrid creature, but at least he does all my quick thinking. It was he who thought up the idea of my taking up fishing."

"How do you fish, Mrs. Twink? Do you use a net or do you sing to them until they are off their guard?"

"I use a local anaesthetic," said Mrs. Twink. "Of course, I don't really use it. I sit in the boat. My fisherman—he costs me seventy-five dollars

a day—does the actual fishing. I pose with the fish for the photographs afterward. And with excellent results, too. *Vogue* is positively scaly these days with pictures of me and fish."

"What do you think of the election result, Mrs. Twink?"

"Well, you can say that I think that the day has gone by when a woman, even a prominent society woman, can be an idler. The war, you know. Every woman must perform some useful function nowadays, no matter how rich she is, or how incapable of performing a useful function. It is no longer fashionable to idle. Society women are going into trade in ever-increasing numbers. I do not propose to shirk my responsibilities, so I am going into the fish business. I am going to sell these fish I catch, and become self-supporting. Would you like to buy a nice codfish I caught yesterday?"

"How much?"

"Forty-seven thousand dollars a pound."

"How much do you charge for shad roe?"

"Please," said Mrs. Twink, raising a deprecatory but well-manicured hand (the nails were covered with pink stucco; rather decadent but extremely effective). "At Palm Beach people who matter do not talk about such things as shad roe."

"Sorry. Have you got any swordfish?"

"Oh, yes."

"Well, keep it. If there's anything I hate it's swordfish."

"How about some snark?"

"Snark's all right, but I don't think I'll decide about the fish until Thursday. It's only Monday now and I won't be needing the fish until Friday. You don't mind?"

"Not at all. I'll be around Friday. You'll know me. I'll be carrying a lorgnon, and I'll yell 'Fi-i-ish!' outside your window."

Your correspondent rose to take his leave.

"I want to show you my other patios before you leave," said Mrs. Twink. "I've got four, you know. Cost five hundred thousand dollars apiece. One for Sunday, one for Monday and Tuesday, one for Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday and the fourth for emergencies. Three patios is the most anyone else in Palm Beach society can boast of. And I'm going to keep my lead, too."

Mrs. Twink's eyes glittered.

"If any of 'em think they can outbuild me on patios, just let 'em try, is what I say. Here, sonny, buy yourself a cigar."

With that, Mrs. Twink handed your correspondent a hundred thousand dollars.

—Frank Sullivan

"Laura, don't make me fight myself as well as you!"

SONNET

That same white traveller, frost, that could not pass
  And not leave everywhere his lovely scroll,
Having adorned sufficiently my glass,
  Painted your portrait on my secret soul.
Thus you've been with me all this winter day,
  And I, who love myself, went two and two,
My actual solitude a fancied play,
  Built of the meaning and the breath of you.

Of you each item in this day of fearing
  All thoughts I wanted to—and could not—tell;
You in the log of pine, you in my hearing
  That cold and holy ringing of a bell.
Your voice at sundown, swelling, repeating, thinning,
Lost in the hurrying night and the wind's beginning.

—E. B. W.

• •

MR. BROMLEY'S BED

WHEN it became known that Mr. Bromley was to sleep on the couch he at once felt as if he had become something apart from the rest of the house-party. He was certain that he was thereafter shunned by several of the guests. A number of the younger girls just sat and stared at him as if he were some strange anthropological specimen whose habits had to do with sleeping on couches. This didn't do his inferiority complex much good, and it was for the sake of it that he had consented to attend the party. Mr. Bromley knew that it was old-fashioned of him to have an inferiority complex, but he had it and there he was. He had always been looked upon as being slightly queer, anyway. He was the kind of man who would say something and obtain no reaction from anyone. After a slight pause the conversation went right on from there, ignoring him.

Now here was this damn couch. "Just the thing for Bromley." He could hear them saying it to each other when they planned giving it to him. He wasn't worth a real bed. No. They gave the real beds to people who weren't peculiar. Bromley would look out of place in a regular bed. The couch was the place for him. Why, it was downright becoming to him. He belonged on it. He would look exactly right in bed in the midst of the living-room furniture.

MR. BROMLEY didn't have much fun that evening. He just sat and stared at the couch which had labelled him and upon which he was later to retire. He sipped his drinks and gazed disconsolately at the couch while it had young things sprawled on it, while it had several amorous couples on it, and while it was empty. This last event occurred about midnight when Mr. Bromley was very sleepy. Many of the others were still up and occupying the room at bridge tables and at the piano.

At his fifth highball Mr. Bromley recalled the final words of his psychoanalyst. "Let yourself go," he was advised. "Don't be afraid to do anything you want to do, no matter what it is." The thing Mr. Bromley wanted to do at that moment was to go to bed. So quite virtuously, as a man will act when obeying the commands of his physician, Mr. Bromley located his suitcase and brought it to his couch. He also discovered the blankets which were to serve as his bedclothing, and spread them out. As usual no one paid any attention to him. He took off his coat and vest. He relieved himself of his shoes. He pulled off his socks. He took off his tie and his shirt.

Looking about, he saw that everyone was still engrossed in bridge or piano-playing. So Mr. Bromley quite innocently slipped out of his trousers. Having done so he looked about once again. This time he discovered that a young girl was staring at him open-mouthed. As she happened to be one of the ones who had looked contemptuously down on him before, he remained undaunted and went on. He was becoming happier with the removal of each garment. He took off his undershirt and from his bag extracted a nightshirt. After modestly slipping this over his head he slid out of his shorts and was ready.

Glancing about for a last time, Mr. Bromley noticed that all the guests had deserted their activities to stare at him. He was surprised to read shock and astonishment in their eyes. He didn't know why this should be. They all knew that the couch was his bed. They had known it all evening. Were they going to take that away from him?

Resolutely Mr. Bromley vowed that they would not do so. He was happy, he was conquering his dread complex and no one should take his triumph from him. The host and several guests had begun to splutter, to protest, to exclaim, to say things. Mr. Bromley gave them a bright smile. Cheerfully he chirped, "Good night all!" Then with a gay swish of his nightshirt he jumped into his bed and was soon fast asleep. —THEODORE PRATT

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OF ALL THINGS

THE way it looks from this observatory, Whalen's traffic plan is just another menace to the American home. It makes it easy to go to the theatre and practically impossible to get back.

•

We are happy to learn that the Republicans nominated more women candidates last year than did their opponents. A Democratic nomination is no way to treat a lady.

•

Probably an Oklahoma school-teacher tells her little ones that every studious and industrious child has a good chance to be governor, at least for a few minutes.

•

This department finds itself utterly without any S. O. proxies. It is going to be pretty embarrassed when its grandchildren ask, "What did you do in the great Rockefeller-Stewart war?"

•

It is objected that the cruiser bill without the time limit would provide only a paper navy. One minute it's milk bottles, and the next it's battleships.

•

The United States Supreme Court has halted Chicago's criminal diversion of lake water. Local killjoys, we hear, are trying to put an end to some of the other criminal diversions.

•

Over the opposition of the administration, Congress voted an additional twenty-four million dollars for prohibition enforcement. When bishops whisper, "Lo, thou must," the Congressman replies, "I will."

•

The Democrats are making a noble

effort to remove the deficit by popular subscription. Some of the wilder optimists believe that they will have even better luck than Borah had with his conscience fund.

•

According to President Lowell's announcement, the Harvard undergraduate body is to be subdivided into small residential groups. The students will, however, be bound together by a common football team and accent.

•

There is a scandal in the Senate because somebody gave out the detailed vote on the confirmation of Secretary West. We may yet have to come to padlocks for speakeasy Senators.

•

If we were a memory school we would send a circular to Mrs. Esther Wilson, the lady who could not recall whether or not she shot her husband.

—Howard Brubaker

"Gad, it's good to be alive!"

SPEAKEASY NIGHTS

ABRAHAMSON'S is in the cellar of a big house on a corner not far from Washington Square. The street floor is occupied by a tailoring establishment. In a window over the grilled door, through which the speakeasy customers pass until early in the morning, a little tailor who keeps almost the same hours stands over his board, passing the heavy iron back and forth, while a strong light from overhead brings out in high relief his round cheekbones, long nose, shiny forehead, tangled hair. He is a wonderful blind for the speakeasy, and at the same time a symbol of something that makes the customers vaguely uncomfortable as they go in, although they don't mind coming out.

Abrahamson's differs from most of the cheaper sort of speakeasies only in that it is bigger, dirtier, tougher. There are the conventional prize-fighters on the wall and on the shelf back of the bar a miscellaneous collection of elks' horns, seidels, and souvenir shrapnel, together with a picture —which we have seen in at least a dozen places—of a bum looking thirstily at a glass of beer. The bar is more than thirty feet long and from six o'clock until closing time every inch of it is taken, and the customers are lined up so deep that the waiter has a hard time getting through with his tray. The tiny back room is relatively empty; people who aren't standing at the bar sit along the opposite wall at wooden tables.

MOST of the people in Abrahamson's are well dressed and look like prosperous salesmen and their wives (the room is always full of women) or like a slumming party from uptown. These are the regular customers. They constitute a social set which is, financially, the beau monde of Greenwich Village; they are advertising draughtsmen with artistic pretensions, stage designers, the writers of detective stories.

• •

"God, the years I spent before I knew a creative person!"

Mingling with this set, though not a part of it, are a few college boys and a few Broadway sports who knew Abrahamson when he ran a gambling place in West Forty-sixth Street.

EARLY in the evening a large, pale woman in a velvet dress and a thick, furless black coat comes in and sits down at a table. With her is her boy-friend, Sellinger, a wiry man with a little mustache and sad eyes always clouded from last night's drinking. He paints the pictures that go on book-wrappers and she . . . well . . . she is Hannah—"of New York and Paris," acquaintances say, introducing her to some stranger. Hannah rarely has to be introduced. She knows everyone. She considers, and her friends consider, that this barroom is a sort of salon in which she is the hostess.

"Hello, Jack, take a seat."

"What's new, Hannah?"

"Well, I suppose you've heard of Suzanne Lenglen's engagement to my ex-boy-friend."

"Not really . . ."

"Yes. . . . Well, I don't know if it's true or not . . ."

SHE shares the private troubles of every member of her clique and discusses them in public, but so cryptically that even the person addressed doesn't know half the time what she's talking about.

"Say, Eddy. Is something—you know what I mean—more favorable now—as contrasted to the other—you understand?"

"Why—so-so . . ."

"Five up!" yells Harry, the waiter. "Three up, two rye and seltzer!" Lou and the other bartenders, Jake, and Mori, the wop, work busily and deftly; a small black mongrel, Lou's pet, runs in and is fondled by the customers. Later Harry takes him out on a leash. You are told that about one o'clock there is sure to be a fight, but now it is only half past eleven; the Scotch has an odd, bitter taste, the beer makes you sleepy. . . . In his bright, square window, like a figure in a film, the little tailor is still at work.

—NIVEN BUSCH, JR.

PROFILES

MIGHTY DEALER IN DOLLARS—I

J. Pierpont Morgan

AT seventeen, J. Pierpont Morgan killed his first grizzly bear. The same week, in mid-August, 1884, he and several companions were snowed in by a three-day blizzard that swept the Shoshone Range of the Rocky Mountains. Young Morgan survived these stirring episodes without the slightest noticeable disturbance of the mental and emotional poise which already distinguished his nature.

At the time, the young man was lodged at the hunting cabin of William Stephen Rainsford, a picturesque young Irishman who, as rector of the "Morgan church," St. George's, had in one year succeeded in breathing life into that fashionable but diminishing parish. Awed by the personality and audacity of Rainsford, Senior Warden J. Pierpont Morgan, even then the most powerful force in American finance, gave the rector his wondering support. Young Morgan had gone west at the instance of his father, who had learned that Rainsford renewed his amazing vitality each summer by a hunting trip in the Rockies, and asked him to take his only son into the wilds and toughen him up. The Jack Morgan of those days is now sixty-one.

THE present J. Pierpont Morgan reveres his father's memory just as sedulously as John D. Rockefeller, Jr., idolizes John D., Sr. But, with Morgan, the worship is more robust, more full-blooded. Perhaps therein lies the element of difference between the tribes. The Rockefellers are soft-speaking diplomats—"persuasionists." The Morgans are outspoken dictators. They represent the buccaneer school of high finance. Yet there is one curious thread of similarity: interest in religion. Just as the Rockefellers dominate the Modernist branch of the Baptist Church, so the dead Morgan and his living son dominate the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States. The J. Pierpont Morgan of today followed his father into the vestry of St. George's. He is the most liberal contributor to Episcopal church funds, and bore the enormous financial burden of the new Standard Book of Common Prayer, which was revised last year for the third time since 1790. Expenses of the Standard Prayer Book of 1892, the year of previous revision, were met by the donor's father.

Religious formalism has a tremendous hold upon the soul of J. Pierpont Morgan. Like his father, he will cast aside all other duties, no matter how pressing, to sit in a gathering where dry men debate dusty and archaic subjects that a layman would think could interest only ecclesiastics. What is the explanation? I think the riddle has been best thought out by Dr. Rainsford, who said once of the elder Morgan: "He had the peace and power of religious assurance, while the very nature of his assurance precluded in him the possibility of spiritual development. His religion was a talent to be wrapped in its own napkin and venerated in the secret places of his soul." This friendly critic's phrases most assuredly apply to the younger Morgan.

His similarity to his father in thought and outlook is almost weird. Like his father, Jack Morgan knows little of general church history. He is thoroughly informed, however, on the history of the American Protestant Episcopal Church. Like his father, he is reserved to the point of brusqueness. Yet beneath this exterior reserve one senses a profound emotionalism that, once stirred, is like the breaking-up of an Arctic ice floe. Morgan knows little of the common man because he has seldom met him. He is totally unacquainted with the toilers of mine and mill and farm. Again like his father, his eyes are set constantly to the East, from New York to the financial centres of Europe. One feels that he could both teach and learn if he would cross the Mississippi frequently and meet the people that largely make up America. Unfortunately, however, he is a social sectionalist.

J. P. MORGAN classes as enemies all agencies and agents of publicity, particularly photographers. But there is one veteran cameraman of the metropolitan papers for whom he always has a smile—if not a willing pose. He is the photographer who once lurked in a launch near the sacredly private pier of Morgan's home, Matinicock Point, East Island, near Glen Cove, New York. His purpose was purely predatory. His job was to snapshot the great banker. The moment Morgan boarded the motorboat that was to convey him to his yacht, the Corsair, he saw the photographer and sensed his intent. The master of Matinicock fired a volley of short and pregnant words, the gist of which was: "Get out and get out quickly. This is private property."

The cameraman bowed his head before the storm but, uncowed, directed his marine chauffeur to follow Morgan's small boat. Hence it happened he was in position to retrieve the banker's Panama when it was blown from the owner's brow and landed in the water near the launch. The photographer passed the dripping headgear to the Corsair's chief boatswain, remarking with a smile: "Your boss hasn't treated me with much courtesy, but I am glad to do him a favor."

Morgan heard. His anger vanished. "Come up on deck," he ordered. For twenty minutes the Corsair's weekend

cruise up the Sound was delayed while her now docile owner posed for a dozen valuable photographs. For the only time in his life Morgan voluntarily submitted to an ordeal by camera.

IN spite of this incident, Morgan is a natural Bourbon. His Bourbonism is not a pose. It springs from an ingrown, inherited belief in Aristocracy with a big A—Aristocracy as represented by the distinguished line of Morgans which has set the pace in international finance since the present J. P.'s shrewd old Yankee trader of a grandfather, Junius Spencer Morgan, founded the firm in 1864.

Circumstance and ability have combined to push the present John Pierpont Morgan into a unique position of eminence. Yet he has remained, so far as the public is concerned, an unknown. Not that his attitude is "the public be damned"—rather: "the public be shunned."

Until his recent acceptance of appointment as one of America's unofficial reparations commissioners, Morgan had resolutely declined to participate in governmental affairs. He took the job because he realized that "the final liquidation of the war" (as M. Briand has termed the forthcoming revision of the Dawes plan) could not be carried out without the advice and assistance of American bankers. That his participation will prove profitable to Morgan & Company, may be taken for granted.

J. P. MORGAN and his eighteen partners manage and control a monumental business in the office at 23 Wall Street, called The Corner. Where his father merely juggled railroads and ships and banks and thought in terms of tens of millions, the present head of the firm and his associates deal in billions. Up to the elder Morgan's death, for instance, the largest foreign loans were two hundred million dollars to Great Britain at the time of the Boer war and fifty million to Japan during the Russo-Japanese war. A year after the beginning of the world war, and two years after the death of the elder Morgan, J. P. Morgan & Company floated a loan of five hundred million dollars for the Allies.

Since that March day in 1913, when the Vesuvian spirit of his famous sire was quenched by death and the mantle of America's financial leadership fell upon the present J. P. Morgan, the great and the small and the in-betweens of the earth have come to Morgan & Company for credit. It is doubtful whether any private banker ever enjoyed the individual prestige of Morgan senior, but the firm now is vastly more powerful than it was in his day. Despite increasing competition of other great financial houses, an ancient axiom of the financial district still holds true: "As goes Morgan, so goes Wall Street."

Since 1915 the firm has handled transactions involving more than ten billions of dollars in stocks, bonds, and other securities. It has come to the aid of financially embarrassed nations. It has planted the dollar and promoted peace and prosperity in the most remote corners of the earth. Its soothing, green-backed balm has bolstered bankers and businessmen and statesmen and kings.

"Where is the hat department?"
"This is *the hat department, Madam."*

"Here come the Parkingtons—let's not notice them."

Morgan's right bowers in carrying on the enormous business of J.P. Morgan & Company are Thomas W. Lamont, Dwight W. Morrow, and Russell Cornell Leffingwell. Morrow resigned his post some time ago to straighten out the tangled financial and social relations of the United States and Mexico as American Ambassador; and Harold Stanley, who had made an impressive record as president of the Guaranty Company of New York—adjunct of the Guaranty Trust Company—was tendered a Morgan partnership. But Morrow keeps in close touch with Morgan & Company, and the Street still alludes to him as one of the Big Four of the firm. Lamont is said to receive an equal share with Morgan in the yearly distribution of profits. Each is believed to draw about five million dollars.

The offices of the partners are in one room on the Broad Street side of The Corner, the desks of the Big Four being placed within a low glass partition dividing them from the other partners. Morgan's austere roll-top desk is nearest an open fire that blazes from October until June. When John Pierpont Morgan, the elder, was alive, he sat by the fire alone. Even his chief aides—Henry Davison, Edward Stettinius, Lamont, and George W. Perkins—were separated by the partition.

THE present head of the House of Morgan lacks the driving, almost predatory, force of his father. This Morgan is more deliberate in his decisions, more patient in receiving advice, relying more upon the counsel of his partners. He plods where his father swooped. If less brilliant, less bold, however, the younger Morgan is also less prone to err; and his personal prestige has grown enormously. No scandal has touched him such as the New Haven Railroad manipulations which today no one would attempt to defend either in law or morals.

Shortly after his father's death, Morgan, then forty-six, called a meeting of the partners. In the panelled conference-room, two flights up, and also on the Broad Street side of the low building, gathered the bevy of brilliant young financiers who had aided Morgan senior in his titanic consolidations of banks and railroads, ships and steel. Among them were Henry P. Davison, a former school-teacher; Lamont, once a newspaper reporter; George W. Perkins, twenty-five years before an office boy in the New York Life Insurance Company; Edward R. Stettinius, and others.

The new head of the firm took the floor; there was a new dignity about him. His manner was pleasant but grave and firm. He told his associates that in his opinion concentration of capital into huge industrial units such as the United States Steel Corporation, International Mercantile Marine, and Standard Oil had been carried to the limit of wisdom. "Hereafter," he said in effect, "let us conduct a bond and security business upon a strict commission basis. I think we may best maintain the prestige of the firm by gradually withdrawing from most of our directorates in outside companies. Do you agree with me?"

The partners exchanged wondering glances. They were surprised not so much at the substance of the proposal as at the new ring of authority in the voice of the hereditary head of the house. Was this the tranquil, rather savorless son who for years had been all but obscured by the lustre of his father's glory? This was a new Jack Morgan. One by one, the partners nodded agreement to their new chief's proposal.

THE following January 1 (1914), the Morgan partners astonished the world of finance by withdrawing in wholesale fashion from outside directorates. A brief statement was issued: "The necessity of attending many board meetings has been so seri-

"Th' pater, you know. A masterpiece, don't you think?"
FED-UP GUEST: *"I daresay. But I do feel he ought to have an apple in his mouth."*

• •

ous a burden upon our time that we have long wished to withdraw from the directorates of many corporations."

This scanty sentence was expanded into thousands of newspaper columns. In Wall Street the move was taken to mean that Morgan & Company had decided to pull in its horns and abandon the elder Morgan's custom of dominating vast railroad and industrial institutions, the securities of which were known as Morgan stocks. The future Morgan watchword, it was generally agreed, would be conservatism and no more politics, national or international.

Within a year, the wave of world events knocked Morgan's plan galley-west. War conditions and post-war exigencies necessitated a sharp shift in policy. Morgan himself, after the death of Elbert H. Gary, was forced to accept election as chairman of the board of the United States Steel Corporation to meet the competition of the powerful European steel cartel.

—JOHN K. WINKLER

(A second article on Mr. J. P. Morgan will appear in next week's issue.)

INTELLECTUAL DIVERSIONS

WHAT DO YOU KNOW?

Mr. Black, or Mr. Blue,
What's acumen been to you?
  Are you ready, are you fit,
  Have you got a nimble wit?
Can you reason, can you guess?
Can you answer no and yes?
  Get some paper, get a chair.
  Get a pencil—get a spare.
Many people die oppressed
By a simple dumbbell test.

Give me the answer,
Never say "Can't, sir,"
  What are *deciduous*, *gynics*, and *spleen*?
  Whatever's *Mendelian*?
  Are turtles reptilian?
  Describe *perihelion*,
And how have you been?

Mrs. Thimble, Mrs. Twine,
There are questions in *your* line.
  Are you ready, are you set?
  Answer this on etiquette.
Answer this on books and art,
Answer this because you're smart.
  Where do truffles grow? In trees?
  Underground, or in the seas?
Are you bigger, are you less,
In a tight black velvet dress?
  Should you wear a diamond pin
  If you have a double chin?
Who was Mellie, who was Gram?
Really, do you give a damn?

Give me the answer,
Never say "Can't, sir,"
  Which was the race that Hippomenes ran?
  What is *galvanic?*
  The meaning of *tannic*?
  Heigh, ho! it's a panic,
And so's your old man.

Mr. Black and Mr. Blue
I am very fond of you.
  Mrs. Thimble, Mrs. Twine,
  I should love to come to dine.
Let the butler have my hat;
Fill me full of this and that;
  Comfort me with sweet intrigue;
  Talk of Paris and the Digue.
But, behind a small cigar,
Let me spread my caviar:

Give me the answer,
Never say "Can't, sir,"
Here are fifty things to name.
  Metempsychosis,
  Halitosis,
  Holy Moses,
What a game!

—DAVID MCCORD

THE THEATRE

WELL, YES AND NO

AT the Morosco, "Serena Blandish (Or the Difficulty of Getting Married)," by S. N. Behrman, from the novel of that name by A Lady of Quality, is a play in two acts and ten scenes depicting one strange, romantic-minded little figure against a *beau monde* drawn in terms of fantastic satire.

Serena is a young woman who has the misfortune to look at life as an impartial spectator, and who never can refuse gentlemen what they seem to want so very much—because it doesn't seem awfully important to her. As a result, she is always abominably treated.

A young man forgets to pay her check in a restaurant, she hasn't the money for it, and an old jeweller who has overheard her discussion with the waiter settles the bill, becomes interested in Serena, lends her a ring, and has her adopted by a countess, who is to marry her off brilliantly. For his services, the jeweller hopes to make the sale of several rings.

But Serena's character thwarts that hope—Serena's character which is analyzed and criticized by everybody in every scene, amusingly at first, then how tediously! Serena falls in love with the only ineligible person in her new surroundings, a ne'er-do-well who is really the son of the countess' butler, and who is slated to marry an American princess.

Pressed on by her backers, Serena goes to luncheon with Lord Ivor Cream in his rooms as a last chance to make a good match, but muffs any possibility of becoming engaged to him by her fatal yieldingness, and on the bus on the way home is robbed of her diamond ring. When, however, she arrives at the countess' house, her ne'er-do-well tells her he loves her, and she runs away with him even though he isn't going to marry her. She prefers that to marriage with the jeweller, who actually does propose.

This differs from the ending of the book, which, as you'll remember, closed with Serena making what she thought a brilliant match only to learn that the bridegroom was a blackamoor.

As I read over my synopsis the play sounds fascinating. I loved the book; but I was frequently bored and sometimes annoyed at its dramatization. The trouble is that as a member of an audience, one changes from the

"CAPRICE"

These two gentlemen (and Miss Fontanne, who didn't get into the picture) turn Sil-Vara's rather confusing comedy at the Guild Theatre into pleasant enough entertainment. The tortured young man, Douglas Montgomery; his wayward and worldly father, Alfred Lunt.

cerebral human being who reads a novel. Brilliant analysis of the cause of a character's failure to do something isn't enough. One wants the character in whom one is most interested to have exactly the qualities Serena lacks. Negative qualities won't do. One's mentality, bless its naturalness, sinks to about the level of a colored elevator-boy's.

Ruth Gordon makes Serena herself an infinitely appealing, odd little creature. Constance Collier, as the gaudy countess, brings the blood pressure of the play to normal and above whenever she enters. Henry Daniell gives a fine performance as Lord Ivor Cream. I thought A. E. Matthews singularly uninspired as Martin, the butler.

The settings by Robert Edmond Jones are imaginative and stunning, though I didn't care for the bus scene in which the bus seemed to be pursued by the Nelson column and a hand organ.

In closing, perhaps I'd better use the adjective one finds inevitable in speaking of "Serena Blandish." It's urbane. It's so urbane it hurts. It's so urbane it even hints, ever so lightly, at *mœurs spéciaux* on the part of some of its characters. (Maybe I ought to have written this whole review in French.) You'll have to want to feel awfully, awfully smart to get really thorough pleasure out of "Serena Blandish."

"JUDAS," by Walter Ferris and Basil Rathbone, at the Longacre Theatre, is a kind of play about which I am exceedingly ill-equipped to give an opinion. It is a sincere and sympathetic study of Judas Iscariot as a materialist who, half maddened by Christ's spirituality, which he entirely fails to understand, betrays Him in order to force Him into resistance of Rome. This is not a new or startling contribution to religious thought, but is here embodied in a workmanlike and sometimes moving play which is occasionally splashed with horrid bits of near-poetry. I happen to have a phobia against all solemn plays set "in Palestine about the year 33 A.D." They are like tantalizing marginal notes on a great drama which takes place just off stage, and of whose progress they keep one informed by means of long expository speeches. "Judas" is more interesting than such plays usually are.

In settings and costumes it has the superb beauty one has come to expect of Brady & Wiman productions.

Basil Rathbone himself plays Judas in the old-fashioned, theatrical way which seems inseparable from such plays. It is undoubtedly effective. Among the ragged, tatterdemalion company of Christ's followers, he strides magnificent in purple and magenta. If the play is ever thought to need a subtitle, I suggest "Judas (Or the Well-dressed Disciple)."

Dorothy Cumming plays Naomi, Judas' betrothed, with lovely grace and a voice very like Margalo Gillmore's.

"MERRY ANDREW," by Lewis Beach, at Henry Miller's Theatre, is a glorification of that favorite American pastime, honest toil. True, there is in it some heretical talk to the effect that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, but it ends on the ecstatic note of a husband about to go back into business saying, with a break of thankfulness in his voice, to his wife, who is contemplating probable grandmotherhood: "There'll be plenty of work for us, my dear." It is, incidentally, a very pleasant play.

Andrew Aiken is the proprietor of a drugstore in a smallish city, a drugstore with an intimate clientele, and a back room into which his friends drop for gossip and checkers. His nose has been at the grindstone for over forty years and he has a vague feeling that he's missed a lot of things in life. His wife has the same impression and begs him to give up work. This is feasible financially, and, on the impulse, Andrew sells his drugstore to one Rufus Norcross and sets in upon his retirement jubilantly. But retirement is a thing for which he has had no preparation. Staying at home all day, he becomes a restless, crotchety disciplinarian who drives one daughter into an elopement with a young man who has been brought up to do nothing, and his other daughter into breaking her engagement with a young man too obviously infected with the success virus.

Finally, both Andrew and his family begin dickering to get the store back, and at curtain-fall one sees Andrew forced to buy two stores, and greeting the double burden with the sentiment I have quoted above.

There is very little subtlety in "Merry Andrew," and the sub-plots are both obvious and tedious, but the whole is redeemed by honesty and likableness.

Violence is done to the homely quality of the piece by the setting for the Aikens' living-room, a setting which would be suitable for the library of a Georgian country house whose owner had fallen into the clutches of interior decorators, but which has as little to do with Andrew and his household as the tomb of the Pharoahs.

Walter Connolly plays Andrew to a milligram. Effie Shannon is lovely and gentle as his wife, and the rest of the cast have been expertly chosen.

"At one time in my life, Bill, I was a voluptuary."

THE "Chauve Souris" has arrived at Jolson's Theatre, seeming very much like itself, in fact almost too much like itself. Again it offers the best set of cut-out toys on view in New York, and so long as one can be content merely to look at something charming or quaint in the old "Chauve Souris" way, they are all right. There is, however, an unfortunate lack of punch in the current bill, which has no "Katinka" or "Parade of the Wooden Soldiers" to bring it to life.

The lunar M. Balieff too is a joke which doesn't grow funnier with repetition. One would welcome a change in him were it only an improvement in his English. An accent can be stressed too far.

—CHARLES BRACKETT

au matin

. . . fragrance of flowers

at dawn . . . . finds rendezvous in a parfum and poudre that are the achievement moderne of Houbigant and the notable vogue in Paris.

HOUBIGANT
PARIS

The new theater-going regulations have been received in perfect equanimity by Packard-owning devotees of the drama.

For the new Packard Eights, equipped with Packard's exclusive Shock Absorbing System, negotiate subway-scarred Eighth Avenue or the more hazardous reaches of Park with hardly a tremor.

The Packard Shock Absorbing System assures full comfort and ease of operation under the most trying motoring conditions. Beneath its almost magical double-action, all roads are smooth.

The three new Packard Eights offer the Packard Shock-Absorbing System as part of their standard equipment at no extra cost.

PACKARD

PACKARD MOTOR CAR COMPANY of NEW YORK
Packard Building
Broadway at 61st Street
and Broadway at Sherman Ave.
(near 176th Street)

BROOKLYN
Atlantic at Classon Ave.

PARK AVENUE PACKARD, INC.
6 East 57th Street

WEST END PACKARD COMPANY, INC.
Broadway at 106th St.

PACKARD BRONX COMPANY, INC.
696 East Fordham Road
2110 Grand Concourse at 181st St.

Ask the man who owns ONE

LINES

FOUND IN A MEDICINE BOTTLE

I am too conscious, Lord, of good deeds done,
Of patience, noble in the face of pain;
I polish up the praises I have won
And feel too sure I have not lived in vain.

Yesterday I scarcely said a word
When it was time to take my medicine.
And was I not quite pitiful and brave
To keep enduring silence
When the doctor swore back at me?

One upon rising and two after meals.
Ah, how ennobling self-sacrifice feels.

If I had tipped the beef broth over
Or pulled the plug from the hot-water bottle,
I could have had an extra half hour,
All alone,
With the day nurse—the pretty one.

Two tablespoonsful; shake well before using.
Oh, virtue's so easy it's scarcely amusing.

And I thanked my neighbor for the alligator pears
Just as enthusiastically
As though I had not wanted fresh peaches.
Is it nobility that shines so newly in my face,
Or simply eggnogs taken twice a day?

I count my virtues, smiling at Hell's rumor,
And of a place in Heaven have no doubt.
I've gained in grace, but lost my sense of humor;
It's really time the doctor let me out.

—KENNETH PHILLIPS BRITTON

•

YOUNG LADY, must be exceedingly accurate at figures. Apply Chock Full o' Nuts.—*Adv. in the Times.*

Or at least not too hungry.

•

SHORT AND SWEET

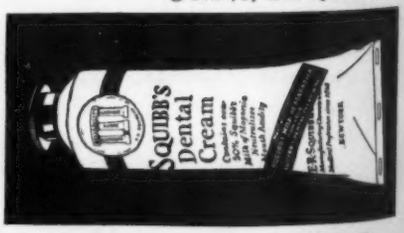
RIGHT there you have it. A sweeter, mellower smoking taste, if you use a short and easy appetizer, *Squibb's Dental Cream.* Simple? Sure, but it works wonders when your mouth starts getting surly and tepid.

Brush your teeth with Squibb's in the morning before you start smoking. Right through the day, you'll find a brisker, cleaner zest in your favorite smoke.

The secret lies in the particles of Milk of Magnesia which Squibb's Dental Cream contains. These tiny particles lodge in the mouth crevices and fight against the sour, bitter acids. They keep your mouth healthy, your breath always sweet.

All drug stores carry Squibb's. 40c a large tube.

© 1929, by E. R. Squibb & Sons



GUARD THE DANGER LINE

DR. GASTON LYON—*one of the outstanding figures of the medical profession in France, on whom his colleagues have lavished professional honors; he has been chief of the Medical Clinic of the Faculty of Paris; he is Laureate of the Academy of Medicine; he is author of "Consultations on Diseases of the Digestive Tract," and many other works.*

"Yeast regulates the intestine,"

says DR. GASTON LYON, *of Paris*

"IN FRANCE, especially since the work of the scientist, Dr. L. Brocq, yeast has entered the realm of therapeutics, and is today in current use. It is especially used in disorders of the skin but should not be limited to skin diseases. It reduces intestinal fermentation, and regulates the functioning of the intestine. Its mode of action should be taken advantage of all the more, since yeast can be taken without inconvenience."

DR. GASTON LYON, author and prominent physician of Paris; authority on maladies of the digestive tract, verifies the experience of millions of Americans—that eating yeast relieves constipation.

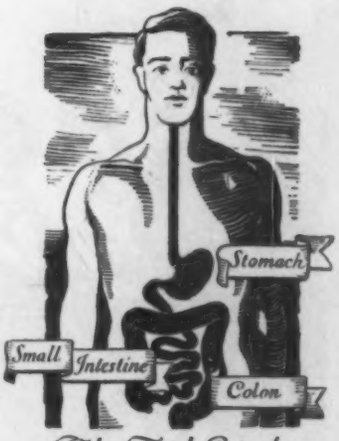
In an authorized interview he says, "Yeast modifies the intestinal action while not being destroyed itself." He further points to the value of yeast in the treatment of skin diseases and declares, "Its efficacy in this field is already strongly established."

In a recent survey in the United States, half the doctors reporting said they prescribed yeast.

Fleischmann's Yeast is fresh. Unlike dried or killed yeast, it contains millions of living, active yeast plants. As they pass through your intestine daily, they combat harmful poisons, purify the whole system.

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, one cake before each meal or between meals, plain or in water (hot or cold). To get full benefit you must eat it regularly and over a sufficient period of time. At all grocers and many leading cafeterias, soda fountains and lunch counters. Buy 2 or 3 days' supply. It will keep in a cool, dry place. Start today!

Write for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet —free. Health Research Dept. Y-90, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.



The Food Canal

FROM THROAT TO COLON is one continuous tube. Poisons from clogged intestines spread and attack the weakest spot. Colds, sore throat, headache, bad breath, bad skin—90% of your ailments—start here, doctors now agree. And here, too, is where yeast works. For bubbling good health, keep this entire tract clean, active and healthy with Fleischmann's Yeast.

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for* HEALTH

Copyright, 1929, The Fleischmann Company

THAT WAS NEW YORK

THE BRADLEY MARTINS STEP OUT

POOR Bradley! When his man awakened him late on the afternoon of February 11, 1897, and he looked at the hugely detailed newspaper descriptions of his wife's fancy-dress party of the night before, he sighed contentedly. It had been a success after all, this glittering affair which Mrs. Martin had vowed would outshine even Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt's brilliant costume ball in '83.

Bradley rolled over in bed, threw a happy glance at the brocaded coat in which he had appeared as Louis XV, and sank back in prideful slumber.

In truth, Bradley Martin's rotund figure and equally rotund purse had, according to no less an historian than Professor Charles A. Beard, "dazed the entire Western world." He and his wife had done the almost impossible task of slapping fresh gilt on The Gilded Age. They had made the court of Versailles look like a Quaker meeting. Small wonder that deep contentment hovered over him as he slumbered.

To be sure, there had been a number of rifts in the Martins' lute. The ubiquitous reporters for *Town Topics*, back in January of that year, had printed rumors of the Martins' intention to make all other famous fancy-dress parties seem flops by comparison. The Martins were referred to (somewhat to their confusion) as a "Lucullian couple," and the name Croesus began to appear frequently in the run of news. There were faint indications of approaching glory in descriptions of Mrs. Martin's appearances at other functions. At one affair, it was announced that "she was simply covered with diamonds. She wore her crown, while crescents, stars, and sunbursts dotted the corsage of her gown of blue satin, the front of which was festooned with a chain of diamonds, three strings of which surrounded her throat."

IT was a time of serious financial depression. Down side streets and back alleys the unemployed were shuffling, while wealthy invaders from the West were driving around Central Park, with dogs tied with ribbons to the back seats of victorias, providing pet monkeys with carriages and personal valets, and generally stepping free, wide, and handsome. Naturally the Populist papers of the country went at the Martin ball with unconcealed gusto. They found a powerful ally in Dr. Rainsford, who thundered his denunciation of such lavish goings-on from the pulpit of old and aristocratic St. George's. Whereupon Mrs. Martin summoned the newspaper men and informed them that she had purposely given little time between the issuance of her invitations and the date of the ball so that instead of sending abroad

• •

GOTHAM CHRONICLE.
The HIRED DRESS SUIT is considered PERFECTLY GOOD FORM in exclusive circles of the EAST SIDE
Prominent MEN however OWN THEIRS OUTRIGHT
(THE SARTORIAL 70'S)

LES POUDRES COTY

NINE TRUE SHADES for INDIVIDUALITY
ONE DOLLAR

"BEAUTY PERFECT"

Make a lovely masterpiece of your type — accent its natural colouring with the correct shade of COTY Face Powder — *but first bring your complexion to young, satin-smoothness with* "Colcreme." COTY — *together they give a revelation of new beauty*

"COLCREME" COTY
CLEANSES, NOURISHES, BEAUTIFIES, IN ONE CREAM — $1.00

"PERSONAL SERVICE BUREAU"
For guidance in choosing the correct Face Powder *shade and expressive perfume odeur to intensify individuality*
COTY, INC.
714 Fifth Avenue, New York
CANADA — 35 McGill College Ave., Montreal

The all-leather covered cigarette Rumidor is distinctly smart. Little wonder that Rumidor is the outstanding smoker's accessory styled in a manner most modern.

Rumidor, the one truly scientific Humidor, moistens and mellows your smokes with genuine 12-year old Rum. Rum, the ideal tobacco preservative.

Rumidors and Rum Refills for sale by the best stores in town and out.

The Rumidor Corporation
501 Fifth Avenue, New York

for their costumes, her guests would patronize local costumers, milliners, and dressmakers. This encouragement of home industries was loudly applauded by Mrs. Martin's press supporters, and received with ungracious scepticism by the more radical writers.

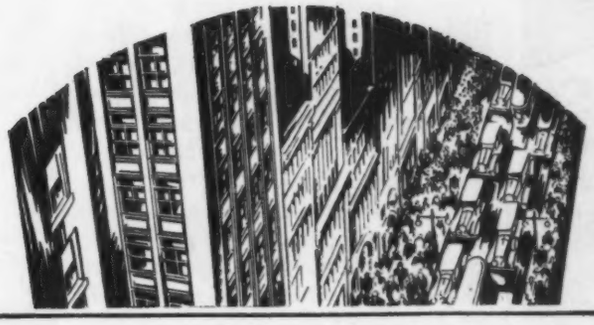
In all, some twelve hundred invitations were sent out, inviting eligible society to attend "a fancy dress ball, at 13 West Thirty-third Street, on Wednesday evening, February tenth, at ten o'clock. Costumes of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries de rigueur. R.S.V.P. 22 East Twentieth Street."

The Thirty-third Street address was, of course, the Waldorf, and Number 13 the private entrance to the apartments of Proprietor Boldt. The guests were to enter by a specially built passageway leading through Boldt's rooms to the ballroom. A small army of maids, costumers, perruquiers, milliners, dressmakers, and their assistants and valets prepared to descend upon the Waldorf.

Through all the city, librarians, whose function it had been to keep the unemployed awake in their reading rooms, were amazed to find confronting them faces of society leaders whose owners were in search of paintings and prints of the old Flemish school, portraits by Reynolds and Gainsborough, and illustrations of Directoire and First Empire period costumes. For this was to be a serious business. No pierrots, harlequins, pirates, or gypsies need apply.

Attractive but impecunious young men, faced with estimates from their costumers, were forced sadly to decline the Martin invitation. More women than men accepted. The papers began printing lists of the invited, and became very nasty about lists appearing in rival publications. The dread rumor spread about that Mrs. Ogden Mills would not attend because the quadrille that she proposed to organize was not given precedence. And the fact that Worthington Whitehouse and Elisha Dyer, Jr., had both been approached on the subject of leading the cotillon, and that no one knew for sure which of these two beaux would have that honor, made the situation most tense.

WHEN the tenth of February dawned, many a prospective guest found herself at the hairdresser's at the gruesome hour of seven in the morning, being unable to get an appointment for any more civilized time,



A LEADERSHIP *not measured in agate lines or dollars*

LINEAGE figures are quoted extensively to prove a newspaper's supremacy.

Circulation totals are divided and subdivided: City . . . Suburban . . . Country. Various sales arguments are based thereon.

Yet the real value of any newspaper, to an advertiser, must be in direct ratio to the *interest* that newspaper holds for its readers.

For the greatest asset of a newspaper exists in the *minds of men;* in the attitude of the home; in the confidence of the family.

This is a Leadership . . . not measured in agate lines or dollars; not achieved by high-pressure selling; not attained by *purchasing* readers with premiums and contests.

But a Leadership to be won by careful building, by persistent effort carried on over the years.

In 1895, The Philadelphia Bulletin had but a few thousands of circulation. Today the net paid daily average is 548,573 copies.

The task of almost a generation! The unhurried moulding of favorable opinion. The building up of a reading interest by the producing of a carefully made newspaper.

Serving the reader first! *Building confidence in the minds of men,* through a third of a century.

Today, scarcely a home among Philadelphia's six hundred thousand is without its daily copy of The Bulletin.

It is the newspaper that people are conscious of . . . believe in . . . and buy—as an essential part of their day.

Their confidence has made it by far the largest newspaper in its city; one of the greatest newspapers of America.

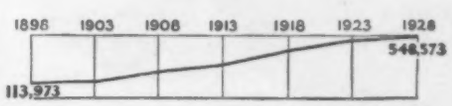
This unique condition simplifies the Philadelphia Market for the advertiser. With one newspaper . . . at a low cost . . . America's Third Largest Market can be thoroughly covered.

The Choice of Advertising Experts

Local advertisers are expert in their judgment of a newspaper's responsiveness. They *see* results worked out. In Philadelphia, The Bulletin carries more individual retail store advertisements than all other newspapers combined. The Bulletin also leads in *local and national* lineage and in individual classified advertisements. (6 days against 7.)

No Peaks or Depressions

The Evening Bulletin's chart of circulation growth shows the gradual acceptance of this newspaper by Philadelphians. Premiums or contests have never been used to inflate sales.



The Evening Bulletin

City Hall Square

PHILADELPHIA

New York Office: 247 Park Avenue
Chicago Office: 333 N. Michigan Avenue

Detroit Office: 321 Lafayette Boulevard
San Francisco Office: 681 Market Street

Copyright, 1929, Bulletin Co.

Fashion observers noted Fashion Welts of the new Gillie type as popular as the classic oxford in white with black or brown trimmings

Look for the ◆ LITTLE DIAMOND

FASHION WELTS derive their name from the Goodyear Welt process of attaching upper to sole. Shoes made by this process, whether walking shoes for country wear or featherweight kid and suede for more formal daytime occasions, retain their original shapeliness for the life of the shoe. Next time you are fitted to a pair of shoes, ask, *"Is this a genuine Fashion Welt?"*

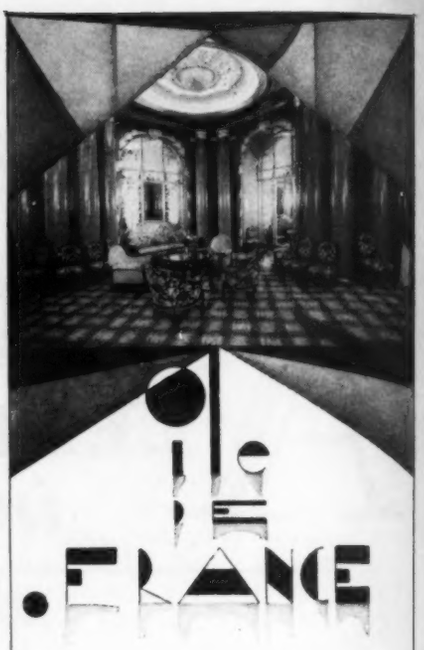
UNITED FAST COLOR EYELET COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

so great was the rush of customers. Watched over by solicitous maids, the ladies were driven slowly home from the beauty parlors of the time, and sent to their beds, there to remain propped up with pillows until the zero hour. To the intense excitement and delight of the servants and children of the various households, many guests were made up at home, hours before the ball, by hairdressers and beauty experts who charged fifteen dollars an hour for services at the house. In some instances, cut-rate hairdressers from Houston Street were smuggled in through side entrances. Everywhere butlers were bustling about, bearing silk stockings and other feminine appurtenances lent by the girls to the men. There was an influx of jewels sent up from Dixie, lent by grateful Southerners for the occasion. There were the Oglethorpe gems from Georgia, the Fairfax jewels from Virginia, and many rare old things from Savannah.

AT the Waldorf, Mr. Boldt and his hard-pressed staff were having their difficulties. Influential applicants were demanding places of vantage around the ballroom. Infuriated guests who had hired rooms on the Thirty-third Street side of the hotel and who found that by the strict orders of Mrs. Martin the windows of the first and second floors were boarded up against the prying eyes of outsiders, made life miserable for Mr. Boldt. Everywhere through the hotel tramped the huge feet of a special force of detectives. Wagonloads of green vines were being dumped into the ballroom by fifty workmen, who wore special caps to prove their innocence of any Populist leanings. And then the roses and orchids began to arrive. Five thousand roses, three thousand orchids, with four hundred workers for their correct disposal.

Mrs. Martin's sister-in-law wrote: "The interior of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel was transformed into a replica of Versailles, and rare tapestries, beautiful flowers, and countless lights made an effective background for the wonderful gowns and their wearers."

While the workers were banging about ladders, and twining great festoons of asparagus vine around sixteen large mirrors, already bordered with garlands of mauve orchids, the centre of the ballroom floor was occupied by that energetic dancing teacher to society, "Professor" Karl Marwig. Under his tutelage, dancers were polishing off the intricate steps of the



Ile de FRANCE

Centering about Paris, taking in the five great rivers, the ancient district called Ile de France contained all that was loveliest, gayest, most scintillantly alive in Europe... kings, statesmen, poets, beautiful women whose names are spells. -:- Palaces, chateaux, gardens. -:- The wars of Clovis, the fêtes of Le Roi Soleil, the thrilling story of Jeanne d'Arc, the pitiful tragedy of Marie Antoinette. -:- What would be left of history if the old Ile de France had never been?... and carrying history to its completion today comes the new *"Ile de France"*, the most modern ship afloat . . . with the *"Paris"* and the *"France"*, the *"Ile de France"* provides a Weekly Express Service, the most enjoyable trans-Atlantic interlude, "the longest gangplank in the world" where France begins the minute you come aboard. -:- Fastest and most direct service to Plymouth . . . then Le Havre, a covered pier . . . three hours . . . *Paris itself!*

Mediterranean Cruises by the "France", Feb. 7th and March 14th

French Line

Information from any authorized French Line Agent or write direct to 19 State Street, New York City

3 BILLION DOLLARS

That's the annual retail expenditure of the

1,248,707

Families who read the Chicago Sunday Tribune!

3 BILLIONS!—That's the annual retail expenditure of the families who read the Chicago Sunday Tribune—nearly as much as the ordinary disbursements of the United States government during an entire year!

These families spend 640 millions for food—and a mere 6 millions for stoves and ranges to cook it on—more than twice as much as it cost to run the United States Navy in 1926!

Spending 200 millions for automobiles requires another 25 millions for tires and 84 millions for gas and oil to keep them rolling—more than the cost of digging the Panama Canal!

Furniture and housefurnishings take 162 millions—and for adding a touch of color the florist gets 14 millions—nearly twice as much as the value of all the gold and silver coined by the United States mints in 1926! These are but typical of the items in the golden harvest waiting to be reaped in the Sunday Tribune market. And to guarantee that market, these Sunday Tribune families spend 3 millions annually for baby carriages!

No matter what you are selling, you can roll up greater sales in 1929 by smashing across your sales message to these prosperous, able-to-buy families who read the Chicago Tribune on Sunday, when they have plenty of time to read—and accept—your selling suggestions.

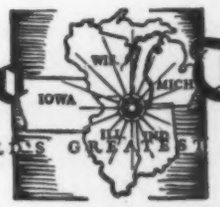
Ask for a Tribune man and get the complete facts about this Sunday Tribune market that spends three billions of dollars annually at retail—and more than 6 million dollars for Sunday Tribunes!

"Daily and Sunday The Tribune Can Do the Job Alone"

During the first eleven months of 1928, there were 141 advertisers, using 5,000 lines or more of Chicago newspaper advertising, who concentrated all their effort in some one Chicago newspaper. Of this number who let one newspaper do the job alone—

99, or 70%, chose the Chicago Tribune

Of the 1,987,747 lines of such exclusive advertising in all Chicago newspapers, the Tribune alone carried 1,414,833 lines or 71% of the total—proof that seasoned advertisers have found the Tribune able to do the job alone!

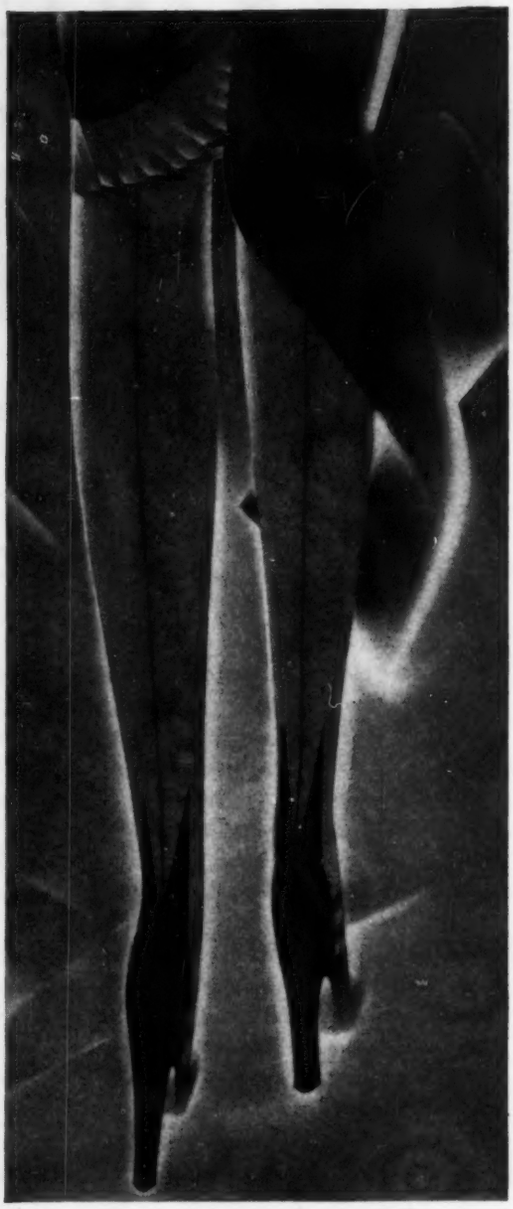


Chicago Tribune

THE WORLD'S GREATEST NEWSPAPER

December Circulation: 815,635 Daily; 1,248,707 Sunday

MATCH YOUR SKIN TONES WITH THE NEW GORDON COLORS



This is a dictate of Fashion—and it's what the smart woman has been doing at winter playgrounds . . . matching her hosiery to the tone of her skin (always, of course, considering her ensemble).

And she chooses Gordon V-Line—not only because of the beautiful effect that Gordon V-Line gives to the wearer... but because the colors are absolutely authentic and have been created to meet her own and Fashion's newest demand.

© B. D. CO. '28

FOR THE FAIR-SKINNED WOMAN: "Champagne" to match her natural coloring; "Noon" to lend it warmth of tone; "Fairtan" to match her suntan; and "Circe" for evening.

FOR THE WOMAN OF MEDIUM COMPLEXION: "Rachelle" to match her natural coloring; "Soudan" to lend it warmth of tone; "Blushtan" to match her suntan; and "Cymbeline" for evening.

FOR THE BRUNETTE: "Ormond" to match her natural coloring; "Coronado" to give it warmth of tone; "Pandora" to match her suntan; and "Casino" for evening.

Four very new deep suntan tones are "Alamo Tan" and "Sonora", with a golden cast; "Pocahontas", a coppery tone; and "Ramona", a daring adaptation for the suntan of brilliant complexions.

Gordon HOSIERY

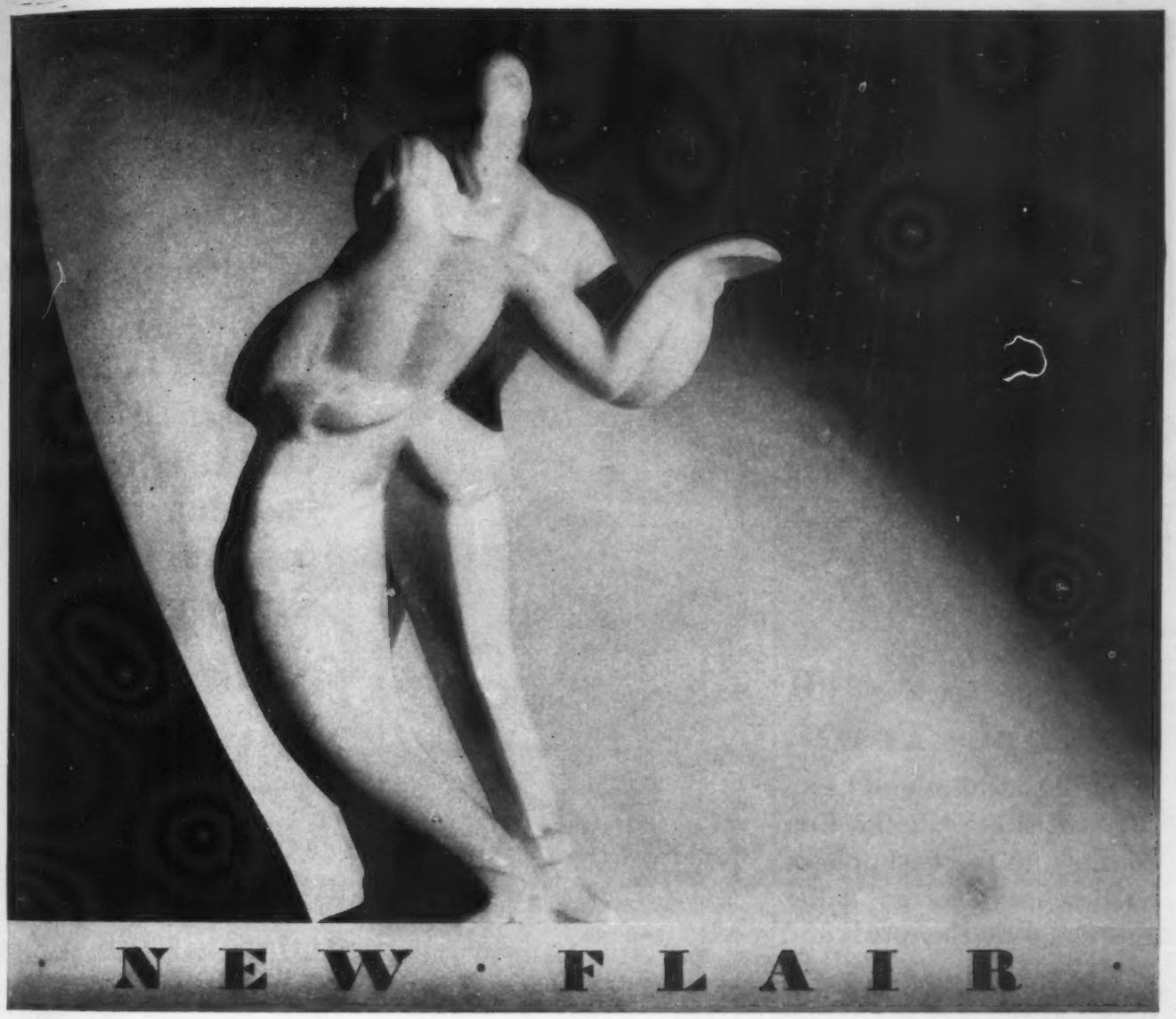
Quadrille d'Honneur. Caught in the outer darkness by a lurking reporter, Professor Marwig said, "They have paid the very closest attention. At the first they said to me, 'Now Professor Marwig, we desire to learn this; scold us as much as you please but teach it to us.' There has been no difficulty. Oh, that Danse d'Honneur! It will be the most magnificent thing of its kind this country has ever seen."

The air around the Waldorf was filled with last-minute rumors. Some jealous tongue reported that the furniture polishers had used Lima oil, and that the odor was permeating the hotel. Frantically Mrs. Martin denied this, as she did the report that Mrs. Lorillard Spencer, who had planned to appear as the Duchess of Devonshire, had thought better of it upon consulting the crusading Dr. Rainsford, and would not be present.

NOW there is the sound of marching men, and ten of Police Captain Chapman's finest take up their places along the narrow passage from the door to the curb at Number 13, for the purpose of fending off "socialists and thieves." Now a carriage drives up, the curtains at the Boldts' door are drawn aside by two liveried servants, and the first guests have arrived. They are ushered to the second floor of the Waldorf, the men to the Astor suite at the right of the corridor, the women to a suite of eight rooms on the Thirty-third Street side, known as the State apartments.

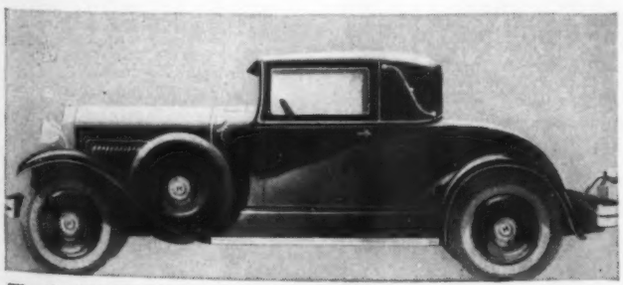
They descend stairs of white and gold, move slowly through a lane of liveried servants, have their names and the characters they personate cried aloud by a lackey, and then pay their homage to Mrs. Martin, who is standing on a plush-covered dais.

First comes the breathlessly awaited Danse d'Honneur, executed in a space in the centre of the ballroom, to Beethoven's music, and to the biting of anxious nails by Professor Marwig in the wings. It goes off very nicely



In modern life, the HUPMOBILE has made its own place ... at Pierre's ... at the dock of the Ile de France ... before the cubist towers of downtown. For the HUPMOBILE took twenty years of mechanical supremacy and topped it with an idea that rocked the motoring world to its foundation ... the idea that a motor car must be more than comfortable, more than handsome, even more than beautiful ... it must be *smart.*

So, under the smartness of the New HUPMOBILE, you find the irresistible thrust of a magnificent engine sheathed in a velvet cloak of silence ... Beneath its chic, the steely stamina of a chassis that takes the years as it takes the hills ... in its stride ... And back of its sparkling aura of modernity, a generation of integrity that admits of no compromise with worth; that allows no margin of chance to edge its excellence.



The Six $1345 to $1645 ... The Eight $1825 to $2625 ... Prices F. O. B. factory ... Equipment, other than standard, extra.

· *THE NEW* ·

HUPMOBILE

CENTURY SIX AND EIGHT

VAN ALSTYNE MOTOR CORPORATION

1871 Broadway, *at 62nd St.*, New York City, Phone COLumbus 7660 ... 1294 Bedford Ave., *near Atlantic Ave.*, Brooklyn, Phone PROspect 9941

"... Back to Cape Town,

from the mealies and hardships of *safari* in the lion country, to the fleshpots of civilization . . . so deftly expressed by the meals and companionship which we found at the *Mount Vernon* on the Hill."

And in New York the hunt for an altogether perfect place to dine ends at The ROOSEVELT ..the lair of the Social Lion and the Mecca of polite hedonists.

In the Newly-Decorated Grill
BEN BERNIE
and his Celebrated Orchestra
entertain nightly during dinner and supper
Manhattan's Merriest Musical Melange!
BEN BERNIE
on Brunswick Records, exclusively

THE ROOSEVELT
MADISON AVE. *at 45th* ST.
EDWARD CLINTON FOGG
Managing Director
UNITED HOTELS

indeed, as do the Quadrilles under the management of Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Bronson, and Mrs. Baylies.

Shorthand descriptions of all the intricate steps are being jotted down by those fortunate society editors who have crashed the gate. Next morning's papers will give every step. Now the seven hundred guests spread out over the floor and, to the strains of an orchestra concealed behind long-stemmed pink roses, they settle down to steady dancing.

During the cotillon, whose leadership was finally wrested from Worthington Whitehouse by Elisha Dyer, the gentlemen had some difficulty in handling their swords. They survived the ordeal, however, with true American grit, and sat down to an elaborate supper of lobster Newburg, terrapin, canvasbacks, and ices. Of the champagne served at supper, some snake within that Eden intimated that it had been purchased at a bargain sale in France during Bradley's last trip abroad. That its effects, however, were not lacking in potency was evidenced by the sudden emergence in the carriage entrance of a young man who had chosen to disguise himself as a Sioux Indian of the eighteenth century, and who had lost several important items of his costume during supper. A horse-blanket was hastily thrown about him by his coachman, and he was driven away amid the jeers of such small portions of the proletariat as could gain access to the hallowed grounds.

BUT all these minor irritations are forgotten when one looks about at the surrounding magnificence. There is Mrs. Bradley Martin as Mary, Queen of Scots, according to the version of the right wing of the guests, or as Marguerite of Valois, in the opinion of the opposition. Her overdress and pointed bodice of black velvet, lined with cerise satin, partly conceal a petticoat of white silk embroidered in silver. A jewelled stomacher and a pointed cap of velvet, with jewelled edge, complete her costume. She wears a great many diamonds.

Over here is Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont in an Empire costume of heavy white silk brocade with the figures of small baskets hung with delicate flowers as pattern. She wears a very large poke bonnet made of green tulle, piled high with roses. Under her chin are strings of green ribbon with long ends.

Nearby hovers Mr. Belmont, nobly carrying his burden of a suit of solid steel armor inlaid with gold of the

¶ Home is what you make it .. but it's also what the builder makes it! ... The Tishman Organization has been building *homes* for thirty years!!

Write for brochure of 13 new buildings containing apartments from 3 to 13 rooms.

TISHMAN REALTY & CONSTRUCTION CO., INC.
285 MADISON AVENUE
Owners and Builders Since 1898

In
14 days
for only $140
you can cruise to
WEST INDIES
on the cruising liner
"ARAGUAYA"
FEBRUARY 7

Sail away from winter for a glorious holiday to Havana; Santiago de Cuba; Kingston, Jamaica; Port au Prince, Haiti; Nassau.

3 LATER CRUISES
Feb. 23, March 12, March 28.

For booklets and further information apply to
THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO.
26 Broadway, N.Y. *Or Local Agents*

"THAR'S GOLD IN THEM THAR HILLS"

"—the hills of Pittsburgh—yes friends, there's gold there—and a lot more of it than the old timer shown in our stereopticon slide ever dreamed of in his palmiest days.

"It's easier to get now—and it comes already coined.

"Instead of going after it with pick and toenail, and taking a chance on the result, you set a definite quota today—and *get* it by using brains and advertising.

"And now we will pause briefly in our lecture to answer questions.

. . . . "yes sir, I can give you evidence of the purchasing power, in just twenty words—there are nearly twenty thousand retail stores in Pittsburgh, doing a combined business of nearly four hundred million dollars yearly.

. . . . "ah sir, you are mistaken, you must have used an old almanac. The population of Greater Pittsburgh today is well over a million, all within eight miles of the City-County Building.

. . . . "that's an easy one gentlemen—the newspaper situation is a cinch. I know because I've asked the advertisers. Several hundred of them use one newspaper exclusively—The Press. It dominates the Pittsburgh market advertisingly.

"And now you may go."

Of course there are other facts about The Pittsburgh Press that our lecturer omitted for fear of being thought biased—but they *are* facts.*

Thar's gold in them thar hills—and you can get it if you go after it with brains and The Press.

**The Press in 1928 led in twenty-nine out of thirty-two advertising classifications. It carried more advertising lineage than both other Pittsburgh newspapers combined—over fifty per cent more advertising lineage than the other evening and Sunday newspaper and three times as much as the morning newspaper.*

The Pittsburgh Press

A SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPER

MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS AND MEMBER OF THE UNITED PRESS

SCRIPPS-HOWARD NEWSPAPERS · · · National Advertising Departments

250 Park Ave., New York City · Chicago · Philadelphia · Detroit · Los Angeles · San Francisco · Atlanta

Grill Room at the Pennsylvania Hotel

—Where Phil Spitalny's Music delights both diners and dancers.

"To please the guest....."

"Radio in every room" was the interesting innovation recently announced for all the Hotels Statler. "Pleasing guests," said Mr. E. M. Statler, "is the one aim of all Statler Hotels—that's why we have provided so many comforts"—and now you can obtain Clicquot Club SEC in every Statler Hotel, including the famous Hotel Pennsylvania in New York.

© 1929 Clicquot Club Co.

Almost overnight Clicquot Club SEC has become by far the most popular beverage in New York's foremost clubs and hotels. AGED 6 MONTHS makes it ripe, rich, and digestible. And this remarkable product is bottled in the best-looking package you have ever seen—graceful in line, beautiful in color, it lends distinction to the tables of the most discriminating.

Clicquot Club SEC

GINGER ALE SUPREME

CLICQUOT CLUB COMPANY, MILLIS, MASS.

New York Office: Two Park Avenue • *Phone Lexington 4053*

Decidedly popular at:

The Statler . . DETROIT
The Statler . . BOSTON
The Statler . . BUFFALO
The Buffalo . . BUFFALO
The Statler . . ST. LOUIS
The Statler . . CLEVELAND

. . . and also in

SAN FRANCISCO
The St. Francis
The Mark Hopkins
The Sir Francis Drake
The Fairmount, The Palace
DENVER
The Brown Palace
PALM BEACH
The Breakers, The Poinciana
The Whitehall, The Alba
MEMPHIS The Peabody
CHICAGO The Blackstone
The Stevens, The Drake
LOS ANGELES
The Biltmore, The Ambassador

DELIGHTFUL ALONE . . . . . BLENDS WITH FRIENDS

medieval period. This was estimated to have cost eight thousand dollars. Mr. Belmont is Henry VIII for the evening, and his picture will brighten many a humble, below-stairs breakfast table the next morning.

TO the great relief of everyone concerned, no communist barricades were erected in West Thirty-third Street, nor was there any popping of bombs as the guests drove home through the dawn. In fact, the underlying population took the event in its stride. There was but one arrest, that of an elderly outsider who insisted on marching up and down under the awning spread before a home where an after-the-ball breakfast was in progress, making scornful snoots.

But while the man in the street was calm enough about it all, the man in St. George's pulpit was by no means quiescent. Dr. Rainsford's denunciations of the entire proceedings filled the columns next to the reports of the ball which were run for weeks thereafter. Settlement workers, the just emerging muckrakers, editorial writers for the more liberal papers the country over—notably the fiery Brann, the Iconoclast, down in Texas—would not let the subject drop. The Baiting of Bradley took on so furious a pace that presently the repercussions of it were heard in the office of the Tax Assessor. Curious-minded officials commenced snooping around the Martin household, eager to ascertain how it happened that Bradley could throw a party whose cost was estimated at anywhere from fifty thousand to five hundred thousand dollars, according to the fancy of the estimator, and come off so lightly on his assessments.

Poor Bradley! This gentle soul was soon to discover the bitter truth concerning the ingratitude of republics. When, within a short time after the ball, he found that his assessments had been levelled up to his social aspirations, he broke down utterly. A fugitive before the storm, he removed himself, his wife, and his household goods to Scotland, where we will leave him, dressed in "kilties" and "surrounded by gillies in number befitting his rank and financial importance."

—McALISTER COLEMAN

•

"I like to compare Dr. Crane with Socrates," Mr. Brainard declared.—*The Sun.*

You have our permission to go ahead.

McCutcheon's

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

FIFTH AVENUE AT FORTY-NINTH ST.
DEPT. NO. 75, NEW YORK

Printed Handkerchief Linen

CRISP, cool Handkerchief Linen printed in the newest of French designs — many of them exclusive with McCutcheon's. Flowers and flowerettes in smart silhouette effects . . . equally chic are the spreading tree and Chanel's favorite leaf motif. Of course, there's every smart solid color of fine sheer Handkerchief Linen for accenting notes and for fashioning jackets, blouses, and dresses.

PRINTED Handkerchief Linen is a favorite at all the Southern Resorts. If you are really wise, you'll anticipate Summer and come in at once to select several patterns while our collection is complete.

$1.50 to $1.95 a yard

JOHN DAVID

The Smart New York Fashions Of The Day And Night

STEIN-BLOCH CLOTHES
KNOX HATS

MEN'S FURNISHINGS
MALLORY HATS

The New

John David Store—

FIFTH AVENUE

CORNER FORTY-THIRD STREET

¶No style tour of New York is complete without at least a glimpse of this magnificent establishment devoted exclusively to fashions for men and foretokening a new era in the arts and graces of dress.

EXCLUSIVE, BUT NOT EXPENSIVE

COMPARE!

Broadway At 32nd St.
1268 Broadway
338 Madison Avenue
125-27 W. 42nd St.
Broadway At Warren

Fifth Avenue At 43rd St.
Exchange Place At New
62 Broadway, Below Wall
Nassau At Maiden Lane
Cortlandt St. At Church

Two Convenient Shops In Brooklyn

Court Street At Remsen
Fulton Street At Smith

THE FEATURED PLAYER

"OH, Mr.—er—yeah. Say, you're the press man, aren't you?"

"Sure, Mr. Elton. Anything wrong?"

"Say, have you anything to do with the program?"

"It all depends on what you mean by anything."

"I mean, have you anything to do with the names on the program?"

"I have somethin' to do with sending in the names to the program people if that's what you mean."

"I mean, why isn't my name featured?"

"Featured?"

"Yeah, featured! My contract with Mr. Bodnick says that I'm to be featured in everything."

"But, Mr. Elton, didja see the papers? You're featured in all the newspapers."

"I'm not talking about the newspapers. I'm talking about the program."

"Mr. Bodnick never said anything to me about the program."

"I'm not talking to you about anything Mr. Bodnick said. I'm talking to you about why my name isn't featured in the program according to my contract which expressly states that my name is to be featured in everything."

"Well, Mr. Elton, I can have that fixed. All I have to do is to write the program people and they'll fix that."

"Where it says 'The Night Pearl' it should be 'with Edmund Elton' according to my contract."

"Aw right, Mr. Elton, I'll have the program people fix it."

"When will it be in?"

"Well, they got their programs all made up till Wednesday. It won't be in till Thursday."

"You meana say that it won't be in till *Thursday?*"

"Well, y'see, Mr. Elton, they make up a batch of programs which is usually exhausted by Wednesday and they send the new batch around on Thursday, so I don't think—"

"Say, I wanna see Mr. Bodnick right away. You tell Mr. Bodnick that I wanna see him right away. I wanna tell him a thing or two about that contract."

"But, Mr. Elton, I'll call the program people up the first thing in the mornin' and maybe they can have a special batch up here sooner than Wednesday."

"The hell with the program people. I wanna see Mr. Bodnick. I wanna tell him about those frames in the lobby. I wanna tell him about those two pictures of the girls—a couple of extras—stuck in on top while my picture is lost somewhere—and I'm supposed to be the featured player. Featured! Ha, it's a joke. I wanna ask him what he did with the pictures that I gave you during the rehearsals. I've never seen any of them in the papers. I wanna find out what's behind this idea of these extras having their pictures in almost every week and why the featured player doesn't even get a break with any of the newspapers. You can't tell me there's nothing behind all this, especially when my name isn't featured in the program and this is already a week after we have opened. You tell Mr. Bodnick I wanna see him the first chance he gets. I kept my mouth shut until after the first week because I wanted to be fair. Now I see there's no use playing ball with this outfit. I see that . . . Is that the first-act call, Steve? All righty, I'm coming. All righty.... Well, take care of that program change, will you, like a nice feller? ... Oh, for heaven's sakes wait awhile, will you? I'm coming."

—ARTHUR KOBER

• •

IT'S SAFE TO FALL

Incredible but authentic accounts of recent precipitations

LOCALE	FALLER	DISTANCE	RESULT
New York	Peter Diaz	2 stories	Toothache
New York	J. Goldberg	8 stories	Sprained ankle
New York	Mike O'Hara	7 stories	Dizzy feeling
Denver	Gaylord Sparks	2 stories	Scratched cheek
Denver	W. Delmoyes	3 stories	Headache

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

PACKARD

Ability and achievement have ever won permanent place in those organizations consecrated to one high ideal

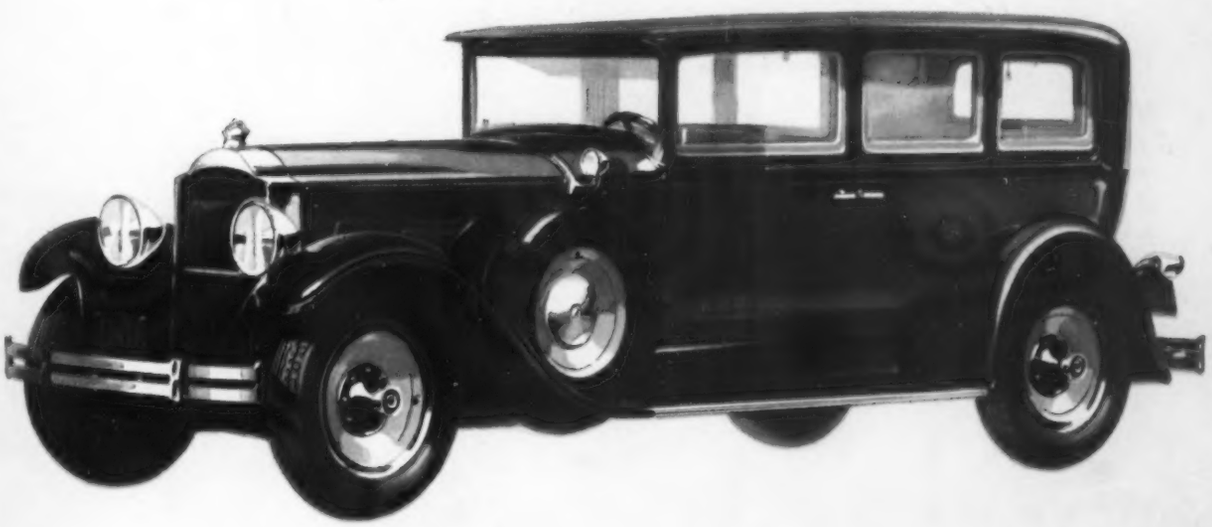
Packard men bear the imprint of the Packard organization. They are selected and schooled for but one quality of work and service. It shows, and it pays—both them and Packard.

From skilled machinist to designing engineer, Packard cars are produced by men who know and love fine things—men brought up in the interpretation and application of quality ideals.

From suburban dealer to manager of sales, Packard's clientele is served by men who uphold the Packard principles—men who know that the patronage of the discriminating brooks no compromise with quality either in product or in service.

For a single standard of high quality is ever uppermost in the minds of the Packard management—and the Packard organization is the guardian of a priceless reputation.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE



Pierce-Arrow

MAKER OF FINE CAR HISTORY

opens a new chapter

with a remarkable Straight Eight

Too long have bulk and conflicting lines prevailed among fine motor cars. The need has been, not for a smaller car, but one that has symmetry, grace, spirit! And today that need is prodigally met by the makers of America's most distinguished automobile.

In the new Straight Eight, Pierce-Arrow has developed a car which, *without sacrifice of size*, is delightfully free from traditional tonnage—from the massive, the cumbersome. It has beauty, unburdened. Among important makes of automobile, where "the dowager" type has long predominated, it is recognized that Pierce-Arrow has opened a new chapter in fine car history—and at a psychological moment. Its newest creation is the season's most captivating exhibit.

In 1918, this painting was made for Pierce-Arrow. Both girl and car could appear on Fifth Avenue, New York, today—(where 1918 Pierce-Arrows are by no means uncommon)—and still be conspicuously beautiful.

PIERCE

The most notable difference between the 1918 car pictured on the opposite page and this portrayal of today's Pierce-Arrow is one of symmetry . . . Today's car is gracefully slender and low-swung.

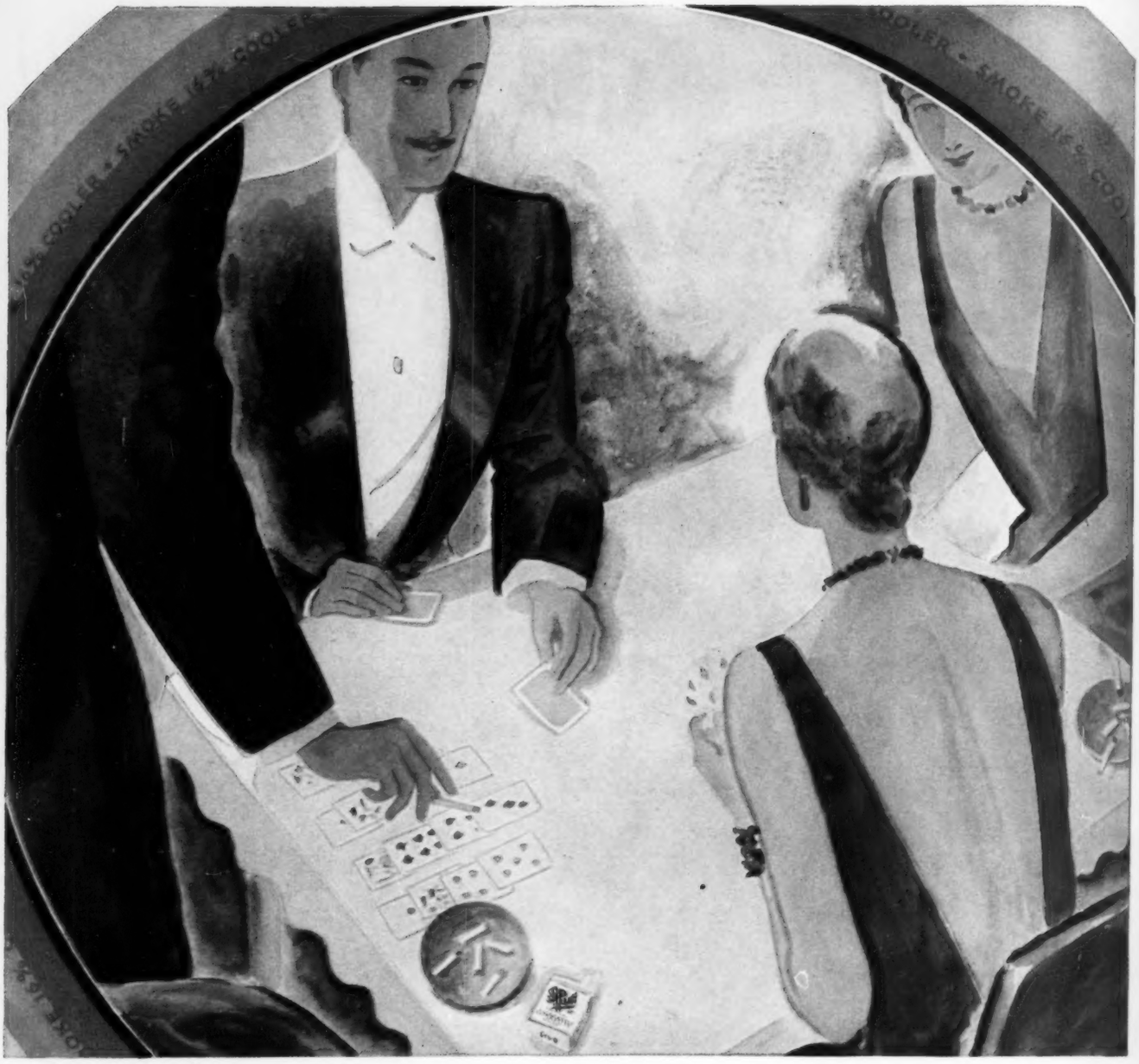
A STRAIGHT EIGHT *by* PIERCE-ARROW

125 Horsepower Engine • 85 Miles per Hour • 133-inch and 143-inch Wheel Bases • 59½-inch Rear Tread • 72-inch Over-all Height • Ample Head-room • Wide Doors • Pierce-Arrow Coachwork • Non-shatterable Glass • Fender or Bracket Headlamps optional without extra charge. Bodies by Pierce-Arrow • Pierce-Arrow in every part • • *Pierce-Arrow mechanical detail embraces every device of proved character known to the engineering of fine motor cars.*

From $2775 to $8200, at Buffalo

The purchase of a car from income has been made an altogether attractive procedure by the Pierce-Arrow Finance Corporation. The average allowance on a good used car usually more than covers the initial Pierce-Arrow payment.

E ARROW



16 RUBBERS . . . 16 CIGARETTES . . . 16% COOLER

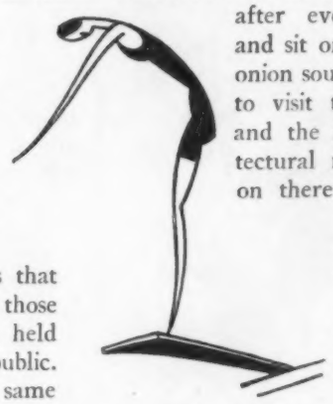
When the rubbers are rapid and finessing is frantic . . . when you've smoked a cigarette with every trick . . . then, if you're smoking Spuds, you know the enjoyment advantages of 16% cooler smoke. Try Spuds throughout a long evening at bridge . . . your concluding Spud will be as crisp, cool and friendly a smoke as your first . . . giving you a nimble tongue for the bidding and a lucid brain for the strategies. Spud's cooling effect heightens and sustains its full tobacco flavor. Spud is the new freedom in old-fashioned tobacco enjoyment. At better stands, 20 for 20c. The Axton-Fisher Tobacco Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky.

MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES

OUT OF TOWN

Pralines and Confetti—Tame Indians or Wild Californians—A Tip

MARDI GRAS (Shrove Tuesday), in case you haven't noticed, comes on February 12 this year, so you still have time to get to New Orleans for it. Carnival starts on the Friday before, but it is on Tuesday that you should be there. On that—and only that—day, the whole town masks, and mingles on Canal Street with anybody it cares to. You should, of course, know people who will tote you around, take you to the balls that are right, and keep you from those that aren't. The Rex Ball, held Tuesday night, is huge and public. The Comus Ball, on the same night, is smarter, smaller, and more fun.



Unless you are fortunate enough to be somebody's house-guest, you had better wire right away for hotel accommodations. The St. Charles is the old, beloved, and atmospheric centre of things; the Roosevelt is big, new, and successor to the nice old Grunewald; the Jung, in spite of its slightly odd location, has the best of rooms and service. There is also a new residential place, the Pontchartrain, in St. Charles Street, where you can get apartments en suite and settle down for a stay of any length.

ALTHOUGH it is a guidebook cliché to become enthusiastic over the excellence of New Orleans restaurants, they do remain a memory that makes me wistful. Be sure to ask for François, at Antoine's, and his Oysters Rockefeller. . . . Don't mind the white tiles in the Louisiane; it isn't a quick lunch. . . . Be humble and eat what they choose for you at Galatoire's. . . . "The Count," at Arnaud's, will serve you an unforgettable dinner. . . . Look in at the old Absinthe House, even if you have to order a sarsaparilla. . . . Go out to Tranchina's roadhouse at Spanish Fort. . . . Try Jack Sheehan's, above New Orleans on the levee, and hear Piron's weirdly disturbing music.

There will be pralines for sale on every corner, but buy them at the Williams Candy Co. . . . If you like poking around in stores, try Solari's, at Royal and Iberville Streets, a grocery like none other in the world. . . . Go to the French market, after everything is over, and sit on a high stool for onion soup. . . . Remember to visit the Vieux Carré, and the remarkable architectural reclamation going on there. . . . Play golf at the Country Club; and don't waste time at the races, they aren't so much this year. . . . And drink coffee and eat gumbo every single chance you get.

NEW ORLEANS is a railway and shipping terminal almost as important as Chicago and New York, so it's hopeless to list all the ways of getting there. From New York it is easiest to take the Crescent Limited, which leaves the Pennsylvania Station every night at 8:40 and arrives (via the direct Southern Railway route) on the second morning at 8:30. Or you can go by way of Chicago, taking the Panama Limited on the Illinois Central, which leaves there at 12:30 P.M., arriving in New Orleans at nine the next morning. You can also make good connections with New Orleans from St. Louis. If for some reason you want to go south by way of the Middle West, you can get from New York to either Chicago or St. Louis by any number of trains, via the New York Central or Pennsylvania.

AFTER trekking all the way to New Orleans, one might as well look over our Great Southwest. New Mexico is a marvellous health resort, but don't let that scare you off; it also has fascinating artists' colonies, and one of the most appealing climates there is. At a small hotel called the Bishop's Lodge at Santa Fé, tired celebrities gather every winter. The food and service there deserve all the fame they have earned.

Albuquerque in itself isn't anything startling, but it's the centre for trips into the territory of the Indians, who, if they like you and feel hospitable, will

When a Cunarder Appears In The Caribbean . . . It *is* A West Indies Cruise...

because Cunarders have a way with them . . . they are south sea pleasure yachts . . . They know the ways of tropical seas . . . how to become diving boards for wet bronzed boys in Martinique . . . how long to drop anchor off La Guayra . . . when to arrive at Nassau. But for all that, their manners are transatlantic . . . their staterooms miracles of comfort . . . and their food the best that New York, Paris and London can put up for a tropical picnic . . .

A 31 day cruise
$300 up

Visiting Nassau, Havana, Port-au-Prince, Kingston, Colon, Curacao, La Guayra, Trinidad, Barbados, Martinique, San Juan, Bermuda.

S. S. CALIFORNIA—
From New York . . .
February 23, 1929.

Every Saturday to Havana by the Transatlantic Liner Caronia . . . Every luxury of a great Cunarder . . . from New York . . . January to March 16, 1929.

For further information apply to your local agent

CUNARD-ANCHOR WEST INDIES CRUISES

Bienvenue à Québec

Dog-sled Derby

FEB..21..22..23

in old QUEBEC

Have you seen it?...that thrilling test of man-and-dog endurance?...that 120-mile race through Québec snows?...40 miles a day, run no matter what the weather? Twenty teams entered...last year St. Goddard won over Seppala by 3 minutes 13 seconds while sixty thousand people roared his name along the St. Foye Road. The mushers are grooming their huskies in old Québec now... sportsmen from all over the world are heading in for the famous Derby Week. There's a Mardi Gras costume carnival, city-wide...there's the Dog Derby masked ball at the Chateau...there's the Mushers' Banquet...there's a whole city, a gay French city, in carnival for a whole week, a huge sporting family that knows how to have fun.

Go, this year and make your reservations now, if you prefer not to sleep in the hall. You can ski, or skate, or toboggan, or play Indian golf, or sleigh-ride, if you want...but you won't want...you'll go just as dog-crazy as all the rest of Québec when you get there ...and you'll have just as marvelous a time.

Through Pullmans nightly from New York. Full information and reservations at Canadian Pacific, 344 Madison Ave., New York, 405 Boylston St., Boston, Mass., or write Chateau Frontenac, Québec, Canada.

Chateau Frontenac

feed you live grasshoppers. A trip through Arizona and up into the Grand Canyon country means stops at little towns, where Fred Harvey hotels should be your rule and refuge. Most of this travelling is done on the Santa Fé, and some of it on the Southern Pacific and Texas Pacific.

Next you might move on to Santa Barbara for a little gay life. It is a paradise for swimmers, hotelmen, bridge fans, motorists (they average two hundred miles a day per person), and writers who have work to do. There is a Biltmore there, a leader among Biltmores; a very expensive fashionable hotel called El Mirasol; and the Miramar, a popular place for long sojourns. You will find a lot of riding and polo at Santa Barbara, and at present everybody there is wild about airplanes.

The polo at Pebble Beach, Del Monte, is the best on the Coast, and there are two excellent hotels to choose from: the Del Monte at Del Monte, and the Del Monte Lodge, at Pebble Beach, where smart people forgather. Everything is quite expensive.

CALIFORNIA roads are about the best in the world, so if you go out there without a car you may have to buy one in self-defence. However, if you don't mind planning ahead, you can ship your own in advance and join it there after about two weeks. This can be done merely by driving it to Pier 61, North River, and turning it over to the delivery clerk of the Panama-Pacific Steamship Company. It is accepted as freight, uncrated, and charged at the rate of five dollars a hundred pounds. In thirteen days it will be in San Diego, in fourteen in Los Angeles, or in sixteen in San Francisco. You pick it up at the dock there, and that's all there is to it.

—FOOT-LOOSE

•

I will myself produce the genuine Follies in sound pictures and show up all the imitations. My Follies girls alone will make the record a masterpiece with their beauty, for they are the real and only glorified girls.—*Florenz Ziegfeld statement to the press.*

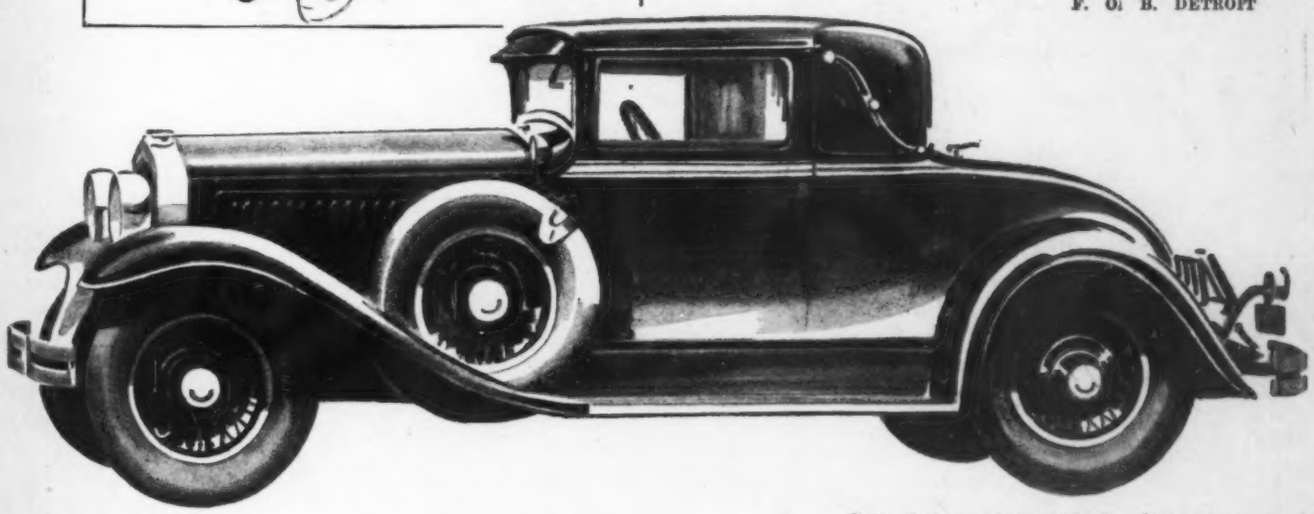
Beware of imitation glorification, folks.

•

A modern interpretation of fine-car style

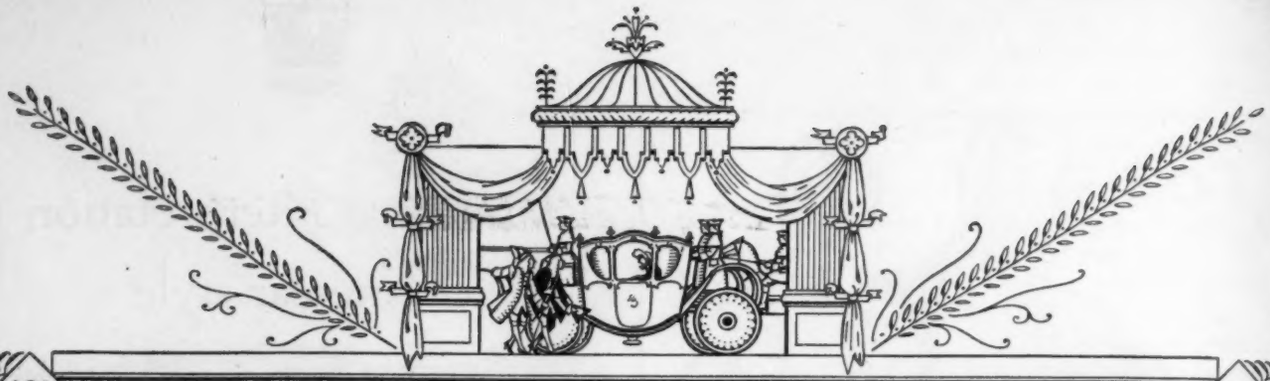
MOTORISTS of discernment will instantly recognize the style of the new Dodge Senior as something spirited, fresh, advanced. Here is a rare blending of smartest charm with large-car ease and stability. It is a Walter P. Chrysler achievement! Fine—large—luxurious—the new Dodge Senior has genuine character and appeal. Its superiority is many-sided. Its excellence of engineering insures fine performance. Its sound construction guarantees long life. And its vivid style commands universal admiration.

NEW LOWER PRICES NOW $1495 to $1595. F. O. B. DETROIT



Sport Coupe with Rumble Seat (wire wheels extra)

NEW DODGE SENIOR



THE *New* FLEETWOODS

The Ultimate in Luxurious Coachcraft

Nowhere in all the world will you find expressed in motor cars the distinction, individuality and prestige so inseparably associated with the new Fleetwoods. ¶ *These supreme examples of the coachcrafters' art are offered for that clientele which seeks in a motor car the precise interpretation of its own personal tastes and preference in body styles, color, trim, upholstery and appointments.* ¶ *That the exacting motor car buyer might counsel with professional coachwork designers just as he counsels with his architect and interior decorator in the construction and embellishment of his home—General Motors acquired not only the plant and properties of the Fleetwood Body Corporation but the highly specialized services of those Fleetwood master craftsmen who have devoted long years to fashioning coachwork of surpassing excellence.*

The twenty-two exclusive and exquisite Fleetwood models can be had only on Cadillac-LaSalle chassis. Many of these models are on display in Cadillac-La Salle showrooms of the larger cities throughout the country; the Cadillac-La Salle Salon, Palm Beach, Florida; and at our own Salon and Studios, 10 East 57th Street, New York City.

FLEETWOOD BODY CORPORATION

UNIT OF FISHER BODY CORPORATION • DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

HOCKEY

Limbo and Nursery—
A Coach in a Cassock

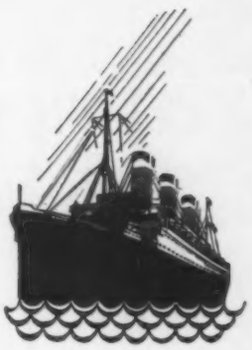
NATIONAL LEAGUE players who have stopped making the grade know what their fate will be. They will be sold up the river to the Canadian-American League. Last year, by the middle of the season you could pick out quite a few who were due to make this change. This year there aren't so many. Every season, however, a varying number drop back, and their places are taken by young players who have been making reputations in the small towns. The Canadian-American League is a sort of middle country between success and failure, a training school for men who are coming up and a limbo for those who are slipping.

In New York people don't hear much about the minor hockey leagues. The general attitude is that they don't count, and all the attention of local newspapers centres, year after year, on the major teams. Perhaps we make too much fuss about the big-time players. Admittedly, they are the best in the world, but there is color in the minor leagues too. National League players are not heart-broken if they are told to report to Springfield, New Haven, Providence, Philadelphia, or Newark. It often happens that discarded players, after a renewed period of training, get another chance. Even if a man is through in the big clubs he can make almost as much, and sometimes more, money out of town.

THE routine of a minor-league team is less stereotyped than that of the Rangers or the Canadiens. The players don't travel in private cars on famous railroads but in motor buses. They sleep at home half the nights in the week. On days when there is a game they eat supper early, like all hockey players—a solid meal at half-past four. After the game there is a meal at midnight in the lunchwagon near the bus terminal; the townies stand a little away from the counter, watching the hungry team eat. To them these athletes are remarkable folk, people whom it is good to stare at, to help with a suitcase. Pretending not to notice their audience, the players finish their coffee and follow the bus-driver outside; the club secretary, who

Social Hall
S.S. LEVIATHAN

Those who know select United States Liners



MOST Americans recognize "a good buy." Those who economize as a matter of habit, as well as the ones who could disregard cost—they buy carefully, seriously. They all demand *value.*

That's why you find so many Americans going to Europe on their own American ships. They recognize *value.* They want atmosphere, of course. But essential comfort must be there first of all: unquestioned cleanliness; honest Yankee treatment; real service; and the highest standards of living in the world, because Americans are used to them in their own country. They find these standards on American ships. *And in addition,* an atmosphere of luxury and refinement that is unsurpassed on any ocean liner.

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"Nice of you. Your wife—"

"Yes, she and the children *do* enjoy my evenings at home. Since she discovered Bascom that's her theatre night . . ."

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has been left to settle the checks, runs out after them, and the cook comes to the door to see the bus start off.

GAMES in the minor-league arenas are rougher than the ones you see in the Garden. Both players and spectators are conscious that the referees, unlike those in the National League, have no special police to enforce their rulings. Few evenings end without at least two knockdown fights. The other night in New Haven the officials gave four match-penalties; I've never seen one given in the Garden. It is a punishment that keeps a player off the ice for the rest of the game, allows no substitute for him for twenty minutes, and usually carries a fine with it.

THE high-scorers in the Canadian-American League now are Billy Boucher and Bouchard, both released by National League clubs last spring. Jakie Forbes, the Americans' goalie last year, plays for New Haven, and may be recalled by the Americans any time Roy Worters gets hurt. Most big-league teams have their particular "farms" in the minors. The Rangers draw from Springfield, the Canadiens from Providence.

COLONEL HAMMOND, acting general manager of the Garden Corporation, was depressed by hearing that Morristown School had beaten Kent. His son made the Kent hockey squad this year, and the Colonel has talked of taking the Rangers to Kent for an exhibition game.

The boys there play on a rink made by flooding the football field, and are coached by the school's headmaster, Father Sill, a High Church Episcopalian clergyman. With his cassock flapping at his ankles, he stands at the edge of the ice shouting in a voice powerful enough for a cathedral: "Get on side, you wings! Cover your own man!" One Kent boy told me that Father Sill had never been seen on skates. How the coach had learned hockey his ex-pupil did not know, but as proof that he knows how to teach it pointed to the prowess of recent Kent teams and the number of Kent graduates who later placed in college hockey.

—N. B., JR.

•

PANG—Nov. 6, to Mr. and Mrs. Hou Sum Pang, 477 Kaulewela Lane, a son, Hoover Tin Hee.—*Honolulu Star Bulletin.*

Sum Little Pang.

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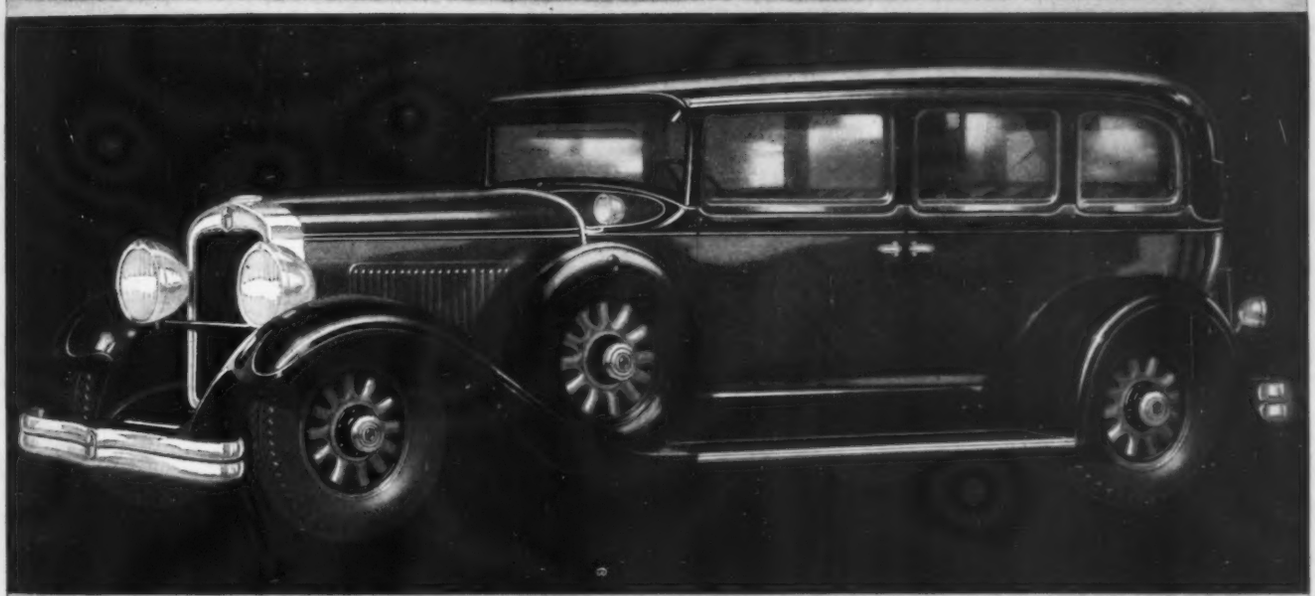

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For busy sportsmen to whom the performance of Billy Barton and the field coming over Becher's are an irresistible pull, the Lancastria sailing back from Liverpool on March 23rd or the Mauretania from Southampton a week later makes this quick sporting return trip a hundred to one possibility.

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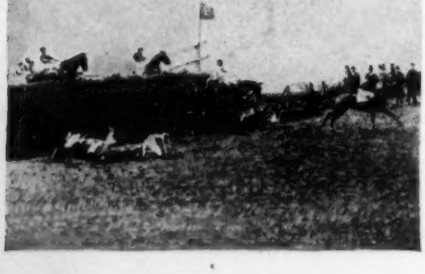

INDOOR POLO

Forecasts and a Note of Regret

SQUADRON A has been giving its season some interest by boldly experimenting with its Class A team. For the past two years it has seemed as though its players were practicing manners and little else. Night after night they would invite another team to visit the ring, and then politely take a beating. This year there has apparently been a change, for the Squadron has won several games, and such fresh and youthful players as Tom Bancroft, Bill Jackson, and George Young have been brought into action.

The result is that the Saturday evening games have become much more worth attending. By giving the younger men a chance, Captain George Matthews, who has done so much for polo there, has made a wise move. The youngsters were coming along, but before this they were not getting their necessary finishing touches under fire.

LOVE of the parental roof, or something of the sort, has robbed us of an interesting experiment, and as a result it is fairly certain that there will be no surprises when the national championships are played.

Gerard Smith is once more playing No. 2 for the Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club team, which has already been national champion twice. What that means is, of course, too obvious to be dwelt upon; what might have been makes more interesting speculation.

In the first weeks of the season,

Smith, who is about the best indoor-polo player after Winston Guest, was out of the Brooklyn lineup. As soon as a day in Wall Street was ended, he could be found at the 105th Field Artillery Armory, practicing with Dr. Richards and Cyril Harrison. The trio was preparing a surprise for the national tournament, a freebooter team that would have—well, there were enough possibilities in the idea to cause well-justified regret at its death.

Smith would have had to play at No. 1, for that magnificent tactician, Dr. Richards, can ride nowhere but in the directing seat, where he uses his mallet like a conductor's baton. Harrison's long hitting would have placed him at back, with the darting, stabbing, wild-riding Smith out in front; the Doctor steadying and holding the other two together.

Brooklyn, however, felt its loss badly and Smith returned to the fold. It now looks very much as though the

title would be won by that team for the third time in succession.

ON February 2 the New York Athletic Club holds, in the vast 105th Field Artillery Armory, its annual Mid-Winter Indoor Tournament, which last season produced one of the best games of the year. There has been an increase in entries, but the

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In appointments of unusual subtlety and magnificence you may choose your entire wardrobe at Dobbs—at moderate cost. Becoming hats, charming frocks for every day and evening mood, smart coats and suits, expertly tailored riding habits, dainty lingerie, graceful tea gowns, handsome wraps, luxurious furs and decidedly chic accessories. If you prefer—Dobbs will tailor to your order riding habits, coats, suits, frocks and furs.

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ring is large enough for them all. It is when one looks ahead to the Brooklyn Riding and Driving Club Tournament, soon to start and certain to have one of those bigger-than-ever entry lists, that one begins to worry about space. The Brooklyn ring is just about the right size for, say, a musical ride. Yet each season it has to contain an indoor-polo tournament that becomes in those cramped quarters something rather like a rodeo.

HERE AND THERE: The games for the benefit of the Sports Bay of the Cathedral, to be held at the Squadron the night of February 6, may provide one of the best evenings of the winter . . . . Yale is to play Princeton, whom they have already beaten by one goal in an earlier game . . . . Brooklyn's champion team is to meet an all-star one that will include Cyril Harrison, Captain Gerhardt, and Archer Kinny. . . . Winston Guest, whose handicap was recently raised to nine goals outdoors, may soon be a ten-goal man indoors. . . . A number of players think he is under-handicapped now. Among these is Gerry Smith, himself rated at nine goals. . . . The Squadron has at last proved that you can take one of these show-ring polo ponies and actually play with it . . . . P. D. Q., after a career as a ribbon-winner, is working in games now. It took a summer of patience on the part of the stable-sergeant to break her of kicking in close work with other ponies . . . . Amos Whitehead and Louis Francke, two of the most promising younger players, have left the Squadron and are planning to form an Ex-Members' team. —MARTINGALE

•

The local securities market was spotty both as to price range and activity during the week. Some issues were strong and went up; others were weak and went down; still others were neither strong nor weak and went neither up nor down. —*Newark Evening News.*

Are there any questions anyone would like to ask?

•

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You can pay $8.50 or $1.50 for an Arrow Shirt to any one of hundreds of outfitters in greater New York. But whatever you decide to pay, and wherever you buy the shirts, you've bought *double value.* For in the shirt-collar lie the style and true skill of shirt tailoring—and only on an Arrow Shirt will you find the world's finest collar tailored — whether it be soft or starched, silk or broadcloth, plain or figured. You'll save an awful lot of misfit hindsight by looking for the Arrow label.

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FOR instance: this shirt is of the purest, sheerest white silk. So is its trimly tailored Arrow Collar (attached). Every gentleman simply has to have two or three like it, if only to fight duels in. Its price is $8.50 . . . a pittance for really exquisite silk.

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SEE HOW IT WORKS

—And It's the World's ONLY *Completely Automatic Toaster!*

1 Just drop bread in the slot and press down two levers. That's all. Two-side toasting starts automatically.
2 Leave the room; read; do anything you like. Don't watch toast or wait to turn it. For toasting goes on, current stays on, until—
3 Pop! and it's done. Perfectly toasted, both sides at once—and current cuts off automatically.

YOU don't watch it or think about it. You read, go out of the room, answer the phone; do anything you like, leave it as long as you want; and never burn toast, never get anything short of *perfect toast.*

No other toaster does what the Toastmaster does. Protected under U. S. Patent, there is no other toaster "like" it. And it is a revelation in speedy toasting. Please remember this.

No Turning, No Burning

All you do is put in a slice of bread, set a lever for the exact shade of toast you want—*and forget it.*

In a few seconds, there's a *POP!*—and a piece of toast, just as you ordered, is *automatically discharged* from the machine and the current *automatically* turned off.

It toasts both sides at once. Thus giving you the superlative in toast. Moist and tender inside, crisp and crunchy outside—with all the flavor sealed in. It has supplanted all other less-modern toasters, last two years, in thousands of homes.

See one work and you'll own one. Buy no toaster before you see the automatic Toastmaster. And thus save future regret. On sale and demonstration everywhere, in the United States and Canada. Waters-Genter Company, 223 N. Second St., Minneapolis, Minn.

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NEW YORK
MONDAY, JANUARY 28, 1929

To the Editors of THE NEW YORKER:
DEAR EDITORS,

THREE-fourths of my brothers called my attention to the fact that the last issue of your esteemed gazette stated that Governor Alfred E. Smith had seen but four shows to date, namely, "Whoopee," "Scandals," "Three Cheers," and "Street Scene." I'll give you just twenty-four hours to retract that statement before I call on you and horse-whip you within four or five inches of your life.

Stack your Bibles, bring on your notary public! I can prove that Governor Smith attended a performance of "Animal Crackers." I know because I saw him smile at Zeppo, snicker at Chico, chuckle at Harpo, and roar at me. When he wasn't roaring at me, he was guffawing; when he wasn't guffawing, he was helpless with mirth; when he wasn't —I could keep this up for hours but I won't.

Regarding your inaccurate statement regarding Mr. Smith's playgoing activities, you may say for the Marx Brothers that we don't give a damn, or rather, four damns. But I know how proud Governor Smith is of his record of having always supported any issue benefitting the public and the Marx Brothers.

In return, we are just as proud of having always supported Mr. Smith and the Alert Clipping Bureau. Dur-

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OTHERS shout up from the pier: "Now don't forget to write;" others send you travel diaries; but still others, travel-wise and thoughtful, send you a Bon Voyage Box from Dean's.

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They know that at Dean's they can find 68 different kinds of Bon Voyage Boxes. Boxes with nuts, Boxes with fruits, Boxes with new magazines and books.

And they know that *you* will know they sent you the finest Bon Voyage gift they could find—one from Dean's.

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ing the recent election, we were back of Governor Smith to a man, despite the charge made that he was a Marxian Socialist. (The only Socialist ever in our family was a second cousin, Plumbo Marx, a plumber.)

On Election Day, 1928, we cast three votes for Governor Smith. They were signed Chico, Zeppo and Groucho Marx. Harpo was the man behind the Silent Vote.

To return to the point in question, after witnessing the performance of "Animal Crackers," Governor Smith called on us backstage, the tears still coursing down his cheeks. Tears of merriment, that is.

He recalled the first time he had seen us—during the Democratic Convention in June, 1924, when we were appearing in "I'll Say She Is." He even remembered a wheeze I pulled. At that time Governor Smith was trying to oust ex-Mayor Hylan. It seems like yesterday when I heard myself saying in my eager young voice (I was just twenty-one at the time) that Governor Smith's favorite song was the "Hylan Fling." Maybe that wouldn't panic you in this sophisticated era, but it was considered pretty funny way back in good old 1924.

If you're a man, you'll eat your words and print this retraction on the cover of your magazine with illustrations by Peter Arno and life studies of the Marx Brothers in their dressing rooms or at home, curled up before a hot fire with an engrossing book, or vice versa.

Yours for more haste and less speed,
GROUCHO MARX

•

ADVANCE NOTICE

It isn't dark. It isn't light.
It isn't day. It isn't night.
It's five o'clock, and I am through
With work, and still the sky is blue—
A rather solemn indigo
Perhaps, but in a month or so
It may be light enough for me
To see a possibility
Of Spring; and even take some stock
In sunshine after five o'clock.
—MARGARET FISHBACK

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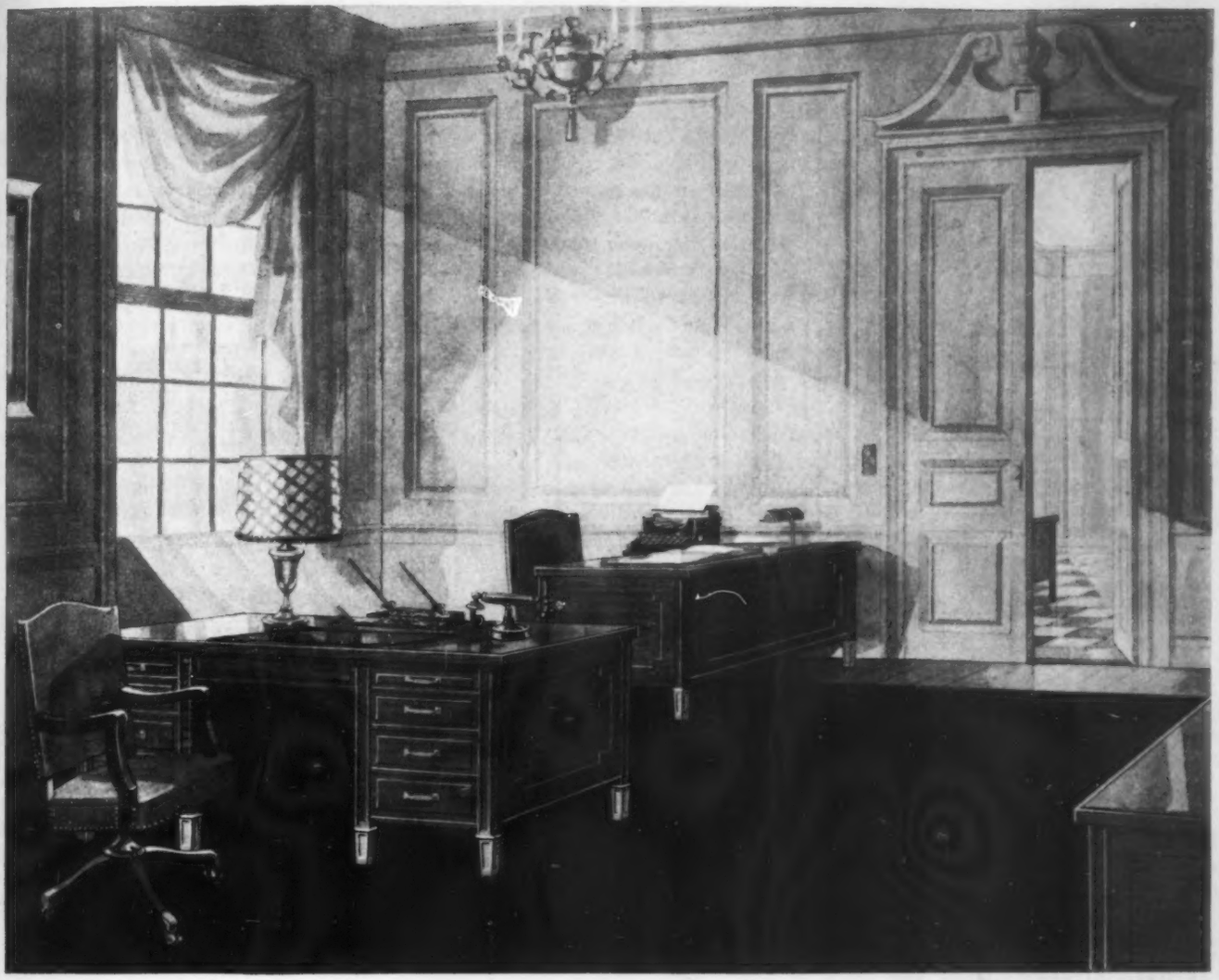
SWITZERLAND—Lady, wife of Regular Officer, wishes to travel with another about middle of January, will pay own expenses.—*Dover (England) Weekly Times.*

Like the Regular pal she is.



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SHOULD THE EIFFEL TOWER APPEAR ON FIFTH AVENUE, *it would be surprising - - - -*

but not very helpful. Another bit of Paris, as French as the tower, is here already. It is the New York shop of Kargère. Not a New York shop with Parisian atmosphere. But a Paris shop with a New York address, 636 Fifth Avenue—at 51st Street. Enter Madame. Voilà Paris!

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THE ART GALLERIES

One Arrival—Others at the Door

THE February show at the Daniel Gallery is for Henry Billings, one of the newer men this firm has sponsored. Mr. Billings has been at his craft for some time, but has not considered himself ready for public view. His first one-man show indicates that he has spent his years of preparation with a good deal more care than is the custom with American painters, who are usually eager to enter the lists and try their lances.

Mr. Billings has seen fit to approach his problem from an intellectual standpoint. He has learned first, and applied afterward. This procedure makes a clean-cut sort of painting in which every space of the canvas has a predetermined value of color and arrangement. There is never anything untidy about the landscapes, nor any indication of afterthoughts or emendations. All is set down in order and as the painter ordains. We dwell somewhat on this method, as it is a bit unusual with the American school of younger men. The tempo of the times has been excuse enough for a hurried, sloppy sort of technique, with the beginners hoping that the public will take its art as it does its music and its food.

However, Mr. Billings is not academic in any way. He has dwelt among the pseudo-moderns of the Woodstock colony, and he has looked upon the various manifestations of the other groups and then come to rest with his own conception. There is still some Woodstock about his earlier works, but we think that he is fast working away from the tenets of that branch of the Mannerism Union. Primarily he is a poet, and it will be this strain that will carry him to his final destiny.

We imagine that the painter himself would be the last one to have you hold that he has reached his ultimate expression. He has a sensible humility about his work and knows the greatness of the task ahead of him. It is our guess that he is fortunate in having learned so much of its grammar at this point in his progress. As he goes on, he can shift all that to his subconscious and splurge in the riotous sort of expression he longs for. Billings has an almost perfect tonal scale, a delicate sense of balances and rhythms. In addition to these excellencies, now and then he achieves a rich mood that lifts his canvases to a high level.

We had no catalogue at the time we were there, but we believe we liked best a picture called "Fishing Huts." The large landscape of railway and road, while not as emotional, is a fine accomplishment, and one of the nudes is a solid study in simplification. It is a thrilling show and surprising to those who have not been aware of Mr. Billings up to this time.

FOR the benefit of those who cannot wait until the proper time to come out of the oven, the Opportunity Gallery holds its fourth show. The array was picked by Max Weber and tends to show traces of his style. This, we learn, is no fault of the judge. As a rule beginners who admire and follow a particular painter bring their wares in when they see him named as a juryman.

The "Handball Game" of Adolf Gottlieb, with its well-balanced grays, attracted us as the most workmanlike study. Then there was a Dove-like landscape of good color content by Nikolas Salamon. The "Waterfront" of Manfred Schwartz is bold and has quality. Harry Farber knows something about mood, and Nathan Kronitz may do something when he learns to pull his ideas together. Sardie May and V. K. Newswanger were gay in their own way. The prices, we were glad to learn, have come way down, many of them being about where they should be for beginners.

WE are asked to note the progress of the Junior League. Its annual art exhibit is not up to the beautiful rooms the League occupies, but we were well pleased by a fine, consistent canvas done by Alice Atkinson. She tackled a tough problem but almost whipped it, and comes off with flying colors. As painting, it surpasses

the first-honor picture of Thelma Grosvenor, capable as that canvas is. There is a nice simplicity about the work of A. de G. Morgan, and the ducks of E. Thacker contain some good paint texture, though the arrangement is awkward. Both of these young ladies, as well as Miss Atkinson, seem serious about their art. On the floor below is a miscellany of things—"not so very good," as the attendants word it.

WE took a deeper look into Keppel, where a show of modern prints is on. Moderns, we learned, range all the way from Goya and Delacroix to Pop Hart and Ernest Fiene. The opportunity to see the prints of Goya is somewhat rare, and we believe you would enjoy these specimens, as well as the stones and plates by Cézanne, Renoir, Gauguin, Manet, Degas, Redon, and men who seldom turned to this medium. As usual the Cézannes are exceptionally exciting.

THE annual show of Georgia O'Keeffe is scheduled to open February 4 at the Stieglitz Room 303, Anderson Galleries. . . . The Newhouse Galleries features Henry Wright for the month of February. . . . Undersea life by Olive Earle and animal sculpture by Grace Mott Johnson can be seen at the Gallery of the Architectural League. . . . The Downtown Gallery is having a show of original drawings: Hart, Kuhn, Pascin, Weber, and so on. . . . Norman Jacobson can be seen at the Montross Galleries until February 9. . . . The Balzac Galleries shows Rodin drawings and water colors. . . . Exene Reed Meyersahm has an exhibition of flower paintings at the Holt Gallery that closes next week. . . . The Whitney Studio Gallery is exhibiting Emil Ganso, Henry Gottlieb, J. B. Flannagan, Blendon Campbell, and Paul Rohland. . . . The City Gardens Club is having a show of model gardens at the Art Center. —M. P.

•

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

The Commissioner said an analysis of traffic on that thoroughfare showed that 80 percent of the southbound traffic was made up of empty taxicabs, which, making left turns at 72nd Street to get to Riverside Drive, caused serious traffic jams.—*The Evening World.*

In Yorkville, maybe.

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Rings and bracelets by UDALL & BALLOU are fit for finely modeled hands—the eternal beauty of gems against fairness like that of the flower.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PALM BEACH, JANUARY 28

IT is apparent to the naked eye of this observer that in no place in the world can you see more badly dressed people than in resorts where there is money and social whatnot to burn. For every smart woman glimpsed in Palm Beach there are a hundred drifting aimlessly about various rendezvous, fashionable or not, in Wild West versions of *costumes pour le sport*. Large dowagers rock on expensive piazzas in trailing rainbow chiffons the first thing in the morning. Spangles gleam on high-waisted chiffon dresses of the Broadway type in public dancing places. Every bad print that has ever been made, whether it be chiffon or crêpe, draped itself over Middle Western chassis and attended the opening of the Cocoanut Grove in dowdy and expensive grandeur. Shoes of painted crêpe de Chine with hand-eyelet embroidery find big markets. Cuties buy huge hats of milan and fasten them up in front with diamond pins so that they can dance in them. You can't believe how terrible the general effect is when there is any effect at all.

ONE thing here is a caution—and that is the ensemble notion. Many people, having heard about the much-exploited idea that all parts of the costume should go together, suddenly break out under the palms all in flaming red or purple, from the toque to the tips of the shoes. It looks perfectly terrible. And I take back all I said about chartreuse, unless it is used very incidentally on a white costume. A great deal of it makes brunettes, particularly bronzed brunettes, look vulgar beyond words. Only the most ladylike and refined of blondes should attempt this color at all in the mass.

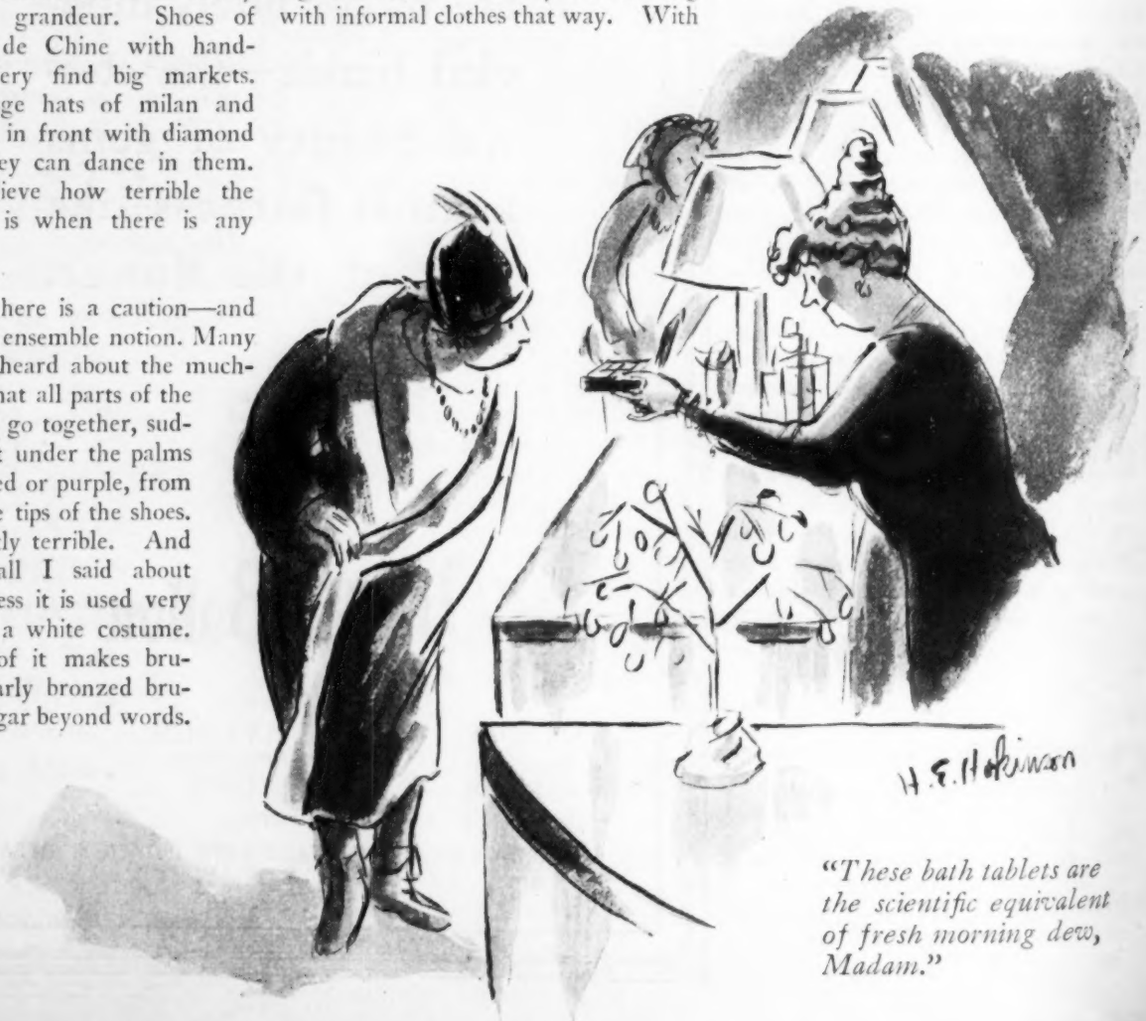
White is better than ever, and there is no limit to the variety of color and material used for jackets. Bright homespun ones are particularly successful, to this eye. Linen suits in bright hues are charming for daytime. Low-heeled sandals accompany socks and bare legs most successfully. Berets are everywhere for informal wear. Large picture hats, tiny toques, and the traditional cloche type in baku or felt still look better than anything else. Pajamas of every kind are to be seen in the récherché bathing places, with the chic people wearing the very wide, floppy trousers that are so much more becoming to women than narrow ones.

FOR fishing, women are breaking out in shorts of every possible type, worn with sweaters or the tops of bathing suits. Little exercise suits of gabardine are particularly successful on these expeditions. And you must get your legs tanned, because they look darling with informal clothes that way. With chiffons and evening dresses, most legs are improved by the addition of stockings. Thus speaketh an old fogey.

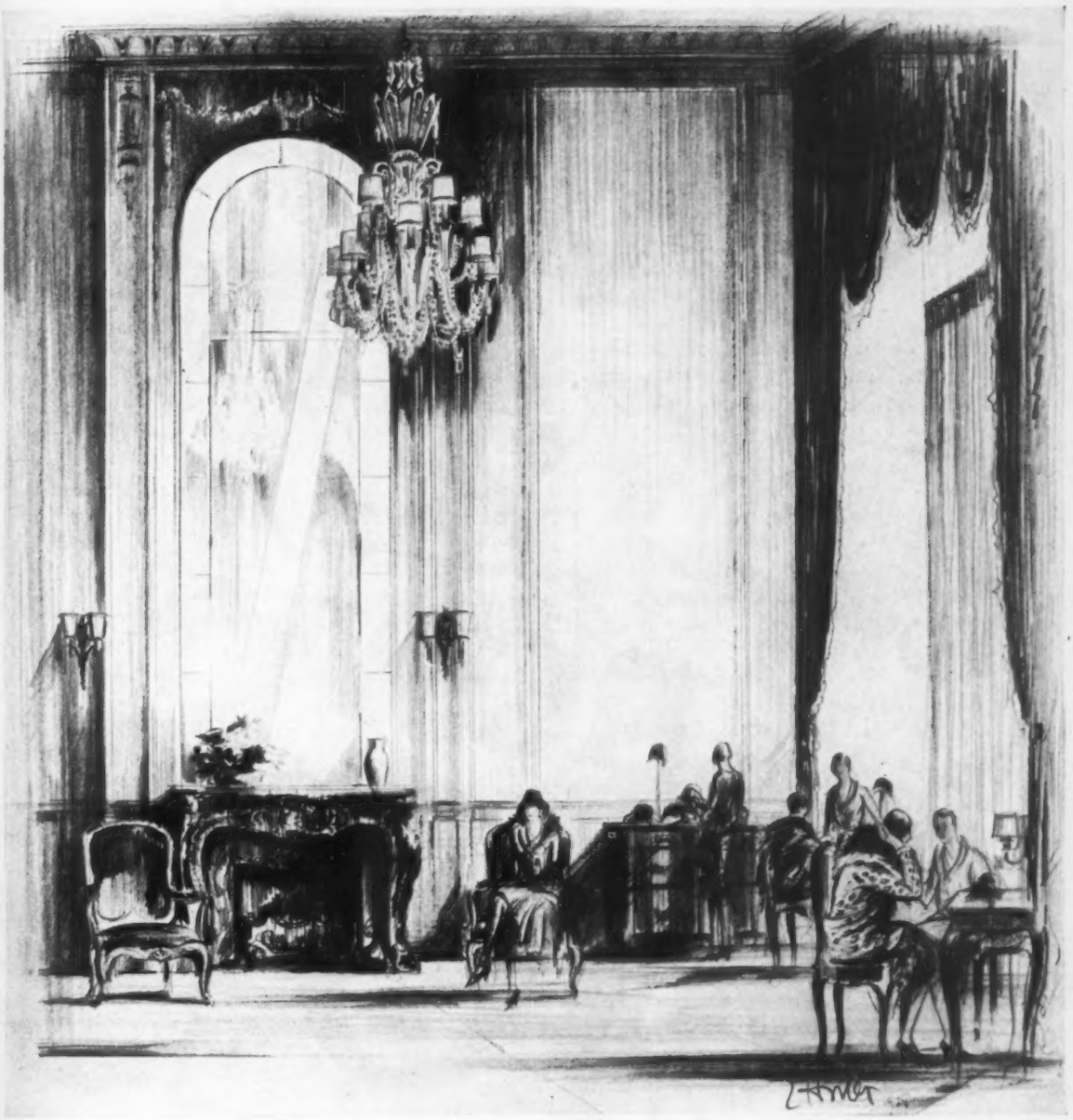
IT all goes to prove, over and over again, that the effective costumes in any colorful clime are simple in cut and brilliant in color. That white, either alone or combined with gay accessories, is still the most striking. That the good old shoe of white and tan with high Cuban heels still looks smarter than the elaborate painted affair of crêpe de Chine. And that cottons and linens are more effective in the daytime than the flossiest, trailingest chiffon ever made. If you have any kind of a figure at all, spend your $16.50 for a little gingham. You have no idea how simplicity stands out among the diamonds. —L. L.

AND IN NEW YORK~

PROBABLY you have heard the rumors—originating in Paris—that blouses are going to be important in all kinds of ways by the



"These bath tablets are the scientific equivalent of fresh morning dew, Madam."



DISTINCTION IN DRESS FOR SOUTHERN RESORTS

This year's presentation for plages and Southern Resorts . . . Hats skilfully completing every costume . . . A white fur cardigan with an ash-white sleeveless frock . . . very new . . . very smart . . . in the Salle Moderne . . . Evening gowns with draperies flottantes for the Oasis Club at Palm Beach . . . Tussore ensembles, a surprise we share with the Place Vendôme . . . Crêpe sleeveless tennis dresses worn with pique corduroy coats . . . Imported sweaters cut and fitted by ourselves . . . French angora sweater dresses for Prado afternoons in Havana. A collection assembled with our inimitable and proven knowledge of southern resort demands.

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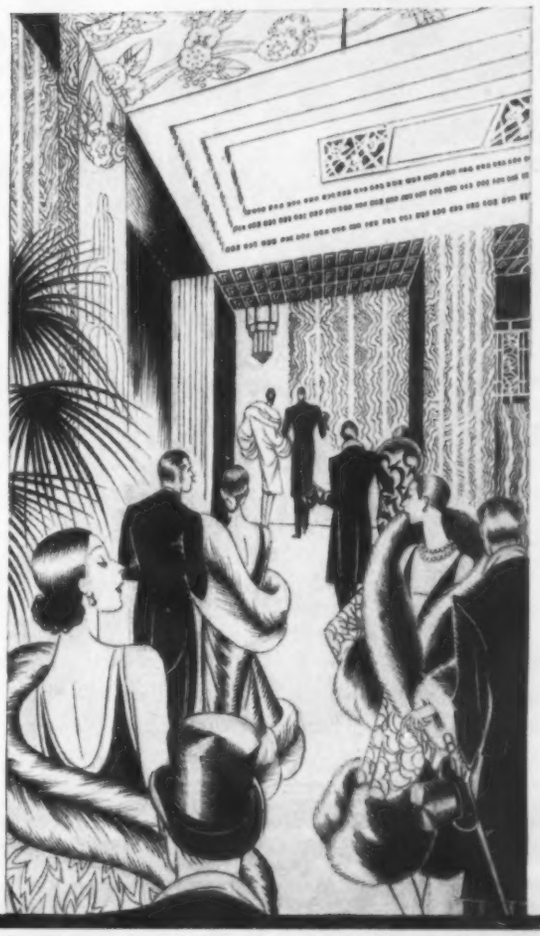
time the spring collections arrive. If you want to steal a march, you might haul out that perfectly good but faintly dull suit, whether it's strictly tailored or leniently dressmakered, and startle the poor old thing with a few new blouses from Jay-Thorpe; thus having something new, but not too important, in which to mark time before the spring plunge. Jay-Thorpe has installed a special-order cranny where you can either buy the blouses ready-made, some with sleeves and some without, or have them made up in a series of colors that appeal to you—practically any variation you like. All those shown are in crêpe de Chine, which seems much better than satin, unless you are a blonde, a genius, or have a terrific liking for that particular material; in which case, you can order it. The lines are good, the cutting clever, and jabots, when they appear, are soft rather than voluminous, which has advantages we needn't enumerate.

ANOTHER intermediate-season idea of Jay-Thorpe's is an ensemble suit, well and simply made in watery or dusty shades of those pale stringy tweeds which have single, stringlike threads woven back and forth as the mainstay of the material. It comes with a blouse or jumper, sometimes of silk, but usually of finely knit wool jersey in contrasting colors and patterns. You are meant to wear this suit under your fur coat on the way south; you discard the coat along about Charleston, and alight at the Palm Beach station all dressed for spring. The same string tweeds are used for those simple, casual Boulanger coats for Palm Beach, in rosy or fruity tones, finished at the neck with a big silk scarf that you tie any way you like. On such a coat—good for early spring, too—a big collar of yellow-beige lapin was particularly pleasing.

FINALLY, if you are staying right here with the traffic problem in spite of everything, Jay-Thorpe has a nice idea for town fur coats: simple crêpe de Chine dresses to wear under them,

HOTEL ST. REGIS



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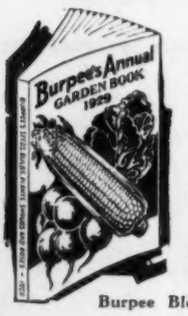

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in light—but really light—colors. These may seem odd, but I have seen them on numbers of women who really know what they are about. The dresses come in shades like aquamarine, soft salmon, and grayish Nile green, and are the sort of little things that began around a good Patou or Vionnet idea imported by Jay-Thorpe awhile back. Something from Paris to wear with them—or with resort clothes—is a seventy-two-inch rope of plain hard-candy-like glass beads, the size of the usual specialty-shop pearls, and strung just like them, on knots. It can be had in mint-green, pink, blue, white with violet spots, and other effects, and isn't one bit foolish, though it may sound that way here.

THE usual large number of new ideas appeared at Shoecraft, confirming my opinion that this shop (I am speaking of the Salon at 714 Fifth Avenue) knows as well as any the trick of making almost any type of foot look smart. At present, the offerings are about two-thirds resort fashions, and one-third early spring, with a number of shoes available for girls who have lives to lead in the city, and intend to lead them standing up and walking around. These include splendid walking shoes, with high, solid-leather heels, and strong welt soles. They are made of brown calf and other sturdy leathers, and come in versions of Oxfords, high-cut pumps, and the standard two-strap buckled shoe that, to me, has no peer in its field. The same models can all be had in white buckskin with brown or black leather trimmings, and there is nothing smarter for the South, as almost everyone is perfectly aware.

For flightier needs, Shoecraft has adapted its fall success—the plain pump with the diagonal gold piping across the toe, and the funny little side bow—to resort leathers, calling it the Barcelona pump. You have your choice of red, yellow, green, blue, and other colors—loud or quiet—with the piping either in gold or in a darker shade of the shoes' color. There is another, classically plain pump, of slightly textured kid, that has what I'd call Easter-egg colors, and is perfectly delightful. You will find all the other southern shoes you could want, but the prize among the showing goes, without any question, to a new spring model for town. It's adapted from a French last, has a slightly rounded toe, is built up high at the sides, sharply cut out in a stubby square across the instep,

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and is fastened with a centre-buckled strap. It has a high, slender, but squared-off Spanish heel, and comes in navy kid with a wing-tip of navy lizard, or in beige kid with brown lizard. The shop will have it in other combinations. I think it meets every requirement for perfect chic in an all-day shoe. —M. C.

ABOUT THE HOUSE

The Lazy Season— A Few Irrelevancies

FEBRUARY, a proper season for home, fireside, and latent domestic instincts (if not the Riviera), always makes me acutely chair-conscious (and pretty sick because I can't spend it in Havana). Everyone I know picks this time of year as the appropriate moment for darting out at me from ambush of one kind or another, demanding to know where in this city you can buy a good, comfortable, small upholstered chair, anyway.

Let me be sweepingly general about twentieth-century chairs: you won't find anything more comfortable, feel as you may about their beauty. Some like them and some are slower to accept change, and I'm not going to argue; but there hasn't been a period that produced seats to surpass these for absolute wicked luxury. A few places to get good examples: Eugene Schoen, 115 East Sixtieth Street, whose massive, imposing leather chairs have the conversational advantage of being built on an imperceptible swivel base. . . . The Frankl Galleries, at 4 East Forty-eighth Street, where small, delicately proportioned chairs are likely to be covered in leopard-spotted suede and other whimsical materials, and to wear rather heavy price-tags for their size. And the big stores: Wanamaker's Venturus, for example. . . . The modern department at Lord & Taylor, where they keep all those deep-seated, Rodier-covered pieces out of the last furniture exhibit. . . . The basement at Saks-Fifth Avenue; ask for Mr. Ring, who will show chairs once used in window displays, and none the worse for it.

FOR the earlier periods, you can't do much better than the small shops. There is, for one, The Three New Yorkers, 8 West Forty-

seventh Street. For no particular reason, the place has become identified in these pages simply and exclusively as the home of the Barette, whereas, as a matter of fact, it has all sorts of things—principally chairs and chaise-longues of great excellence and little cost. There is a nicely designed chaise, for instance, in your choice of several good chintzes, at $47.50, or you can have it with a separate down-filled seat cushion for $76. Also, there is a very authentic copy of an old Salem wing chair; so authentic, indeed, that it hasn't any springs in the seat. But it has a down cushion, and such atmosphere! Really the perfect fireside chair for an Early American room; $47.50 in chintz (your selection), $57.50 in quilting or toile.

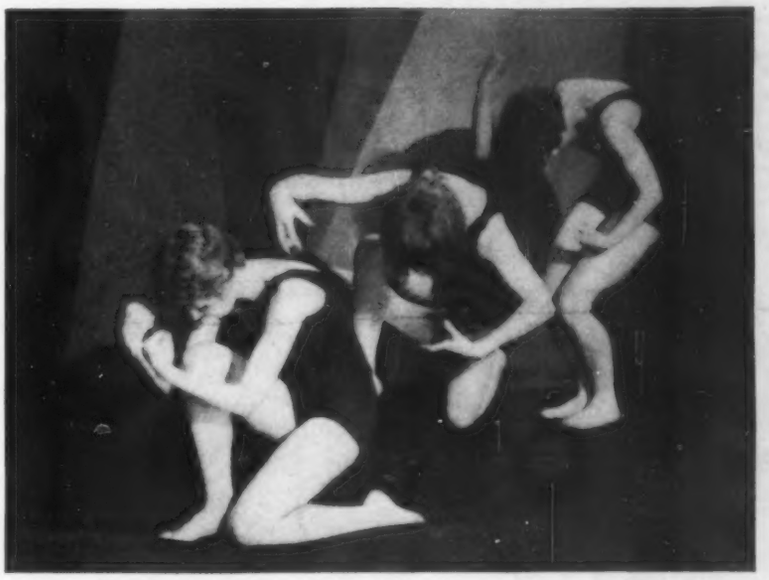
A French provincial chair—one of those low, deep, rounded affairs—is comfortable; you sink back into it and before you know it someone is waking you up. Luxury, excellent lines, and handsome chintzes in reds, yellows, blues, for $90. Finally, a two-piece chaise with a gently ascending price scale, starting at $65 for chintz over kapok, and culminating in the fulsome combination of down-filled cushions covered with a quilted fabric, at $85. There are others, but I liked these particularly.

THE Mayhew Shop, 540 Madison Avenue, has a generous selection of actually comfortable upholstered chairs for small rooms—a feature seldom enough encountered in this life. There is a sort of modified barrel chair that has my heart; the tufted barrel back is present, but considerably lowered, and sloped agreeably outward so that it is as comfortable as possible. Also, the smallest loveseat I have seen to date; a beautiful size for the apartment hearth, and comfortable. To say nothing of soft, low-down red and green leather chairs for men's rooms.

OLIVETTE FALLS, 563 Madison Avenue, has a slender, somewhat low-backed wing chair you should know about. It costs $75 in muslin, and is nobly fashioned to hit you in the right places. The down seat is deep and slopes to the rear, catching you squarely under the knees and letting you quietly down against the cushioned back; the arms are short and slim, but padded; its size is right for an average room in the city.

Miss Falls has several other models, including a marvellous down-cushioned

THERE ARE SOME MODERN MIRACLES *says Elizabeth Arden*



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loveseat at $150, and a pleasant custom-made chair, of general utility, at $35. All these are covered in your own choice from a pleasant collection of chintzes. The designs are copies of old patterns, with all the nice, mellow old colors.

It begins to look as though enough has been said about chairs—except that a final word might well be spoken for the Charles chair, that huge, broad-beamed, cushioned piece without which any man's room of reasonable size seems incomplete to me. There are always plenty of these at Barto, 833 Lexington Avenue.

OF course a tour of inspection of this nature is never made without a certain number of irrelevant discoveries. This one had its quota:

At the Mayhew Shop: Some old English coffee tables in a deep, battered mahogany, built on the butler's-tray plan and set close to the ground. A spread of two by four feet gives an unusual amount of room for serving.

At Olivette Falls: A group of small tripod tables, nicely done and of individual design; another butler's tray in mahogany, on higher legs; those nice old glass baskets—$2 for a big one, seventy-five cents for violet and pansy size.

At The Three New Yorkers, the following: Kidney-shaped, chintz-hung dressing table, with glass top, two drawers, and space for shelves, if you like; large squarish stool, with wide-spread maple legs and padded chintz seat which lifts to disclose a chintz-lined stocking box beneath; complete, $75. Closet equipment, down to tacks with colored heads, for attaching the shelving. A brass sun-dial lamp at $50; and the companion piece to that ship's-wheel lamp you've heard about—this one inspired by a pump, nothing less. The light is suspended from one end, and raised or lowered by working the pump handle; $25.

—B. B.

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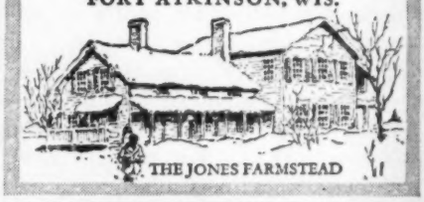

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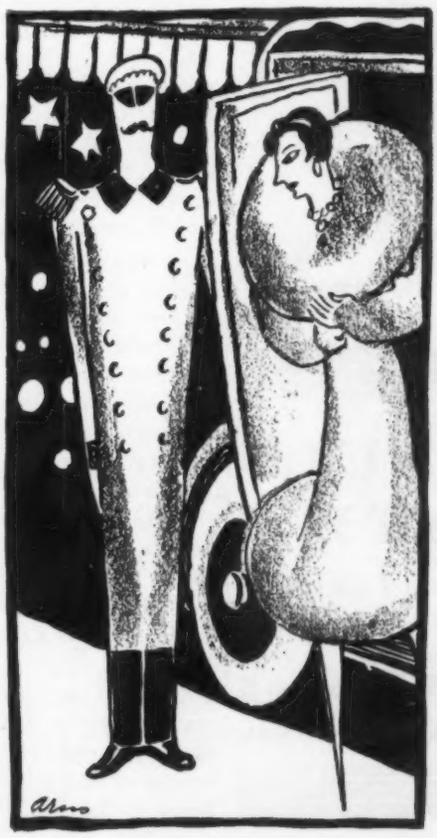
MUSICAL EVENTS

Rugby and Ragtime—Mr. Gatti Has Something Thrust Upon Him

WHILE our serious young composers are busy with slightly acrid *concerti grossi* and other dealings with classic forms, the bright young men of Europe have gone in for ragtime, jazz (pronounced "yachts," by the way), and other presumably typical American devices. There is, for instance, M. Arthur Honegger, a Swiss of Parisian inclinations, who already has paid his tribute to us with his amusing "Pacific 231." In his capacity as guest conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony, M. Honegger offered a new confection called "Rugby," inspired, according to the program notes, by the sight of men struggling on the gridiron.

Rugby, of course, is an English institution, but the music which it has urged out of the athletic Honegger is typical of the new European notion of American activity. There is the same jerkiness, the same syncopation, the same tendency to dabble in ragtime devices that were senescent in 1912. M. Honegger, like almost everybody else now in the business of scoring for the orchestra, knows how to make his effects come off, but this particular game of Rugby sounded as though it might have been played between Vassar and Wellesley. Perhaps the symphonic fragment really is intended to represent the evolutions of cheer leaders. If it actually is like Rugby, then Rugby is not the rough sport that it is supposed to be.



In addition to "Rugby," M. Honegger introduced his piano concertino, fluently expounded by Mme. Honegger, and led a performance of his "Pacific 231." The concertino indulges itself in some bland tinklings, punctuated by occasional acerbities in the orchestra. It probably will stay in the Honegger family. "Pacific 231" still seems effective and ingenious. As a conductor, M. Honegger is considerably more efficient than most composers who come here to lead orchestras.

The preface to M. Honegger's entertainment was an uncommonly sound and straightforward version of the Fourth Symphony of Brahms, directed by Hans Lange, the capable assistant conductor of the Philharmonic-Symphony.

THERE have been derogatory comments concerning "Jonny Spielt Auf" on the ground that its jazz is not so good. Is this, demand the detractors, a real jazz opera? The answer is in the negative. The composer has not designated "Jonny" as an exercise in jazz, and he has been subject to some unfair blows from those who have insisted on labelling "Jonny" an adventure in syncopation. Mr. Křenek used jazz coloring when it suited his dramatic purposes. In this, I think, he has been successful. To chide him for not bringing forth a "Rhapsody in Blue" is something like scolding George Gershwin for not writing a "Nozze di Figaro" in "Treasure Girl."

The almost unanimous disapproval of the production also is a trifle unfair to the Metropolitan. Possibly the services of a more modernistic stage director than Mr. von Wymetal would have been desirable, and the employment of a designer like Norman Bel Geddes would have brought about a more adroit management of the elaborate scenic effects. Signor Gatti-Cas-

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azza and his associates ought not to be discouraged too vehemently for their failure to make "Jonny" as good a show as it might have been. They may be frightened away from other live operas and may even the account with a revival of Massenet's "Don Quichotte" or Mascagni's "Lodoletta."

—R. A. S.

CONCERT MUSIC RECORDS

"Jonny Spielt Auf" on The Discs—Completing A Cycle—Concerto and Quartet

THOSE who are curious to hear some of the music from "Jonny Spielt Auf" may find three records available at the Gramophone Shop, 47 East Forty-seventh Street. It appears that two themes—the "Blues" and the "Triumphlied"—have been trimmed up for record purposes, to sound like musical-comedy hit numbers, by such ingenious folk as one Diez Weismann, an agile fiddler, who is assisted by a pianist named Johann de Leur. The disc is issued by His Master's Voice (the European trade name for Victor). Two dances based on the same airs are played by Paul Romby and his band for Polydor. A vocal version, with incidental orchestral trappings (including the violin finale which is omitted in the Metropolitan version), may be had on a Parlophon record. The singer is Ludwig Hofmann, who, unfortunately, sounds like a baritone who sings like a German tenor.

VICTOR's album series is growing rapidly. A lovely version of the Brahms Third Symphony, by The Philadelphia Orchestra under Mr. Stokowski, completes the catalogue of Brahms symphonies on discs. The first is also recorded by Mr. Stokowski and his band for Victor, the second by Mr. Damrosch and the late New York Symphony for Columbia, and the fourth by Hermann Abendroth and the London Symphony for Victor.

Alfred Cortot, one of the finest exponents of the Schumann piano concerto, has recorded it for Victor. This is one of the best piano concerto albums so far. Columbia has made a

brilliant contribution to the chamber-music lists with the Debussy Quartet, played by the Lener String Quartet of Budapest. Apparently the recordings of worthwhile instrumental music are outdistancing the vocal literature. However, Odeon has another disc by Ivar Andresen, who sounds like one of the best basses in Europe. He sings a stretch from the third scene of the third act of "Lohengrin," with the indefatigable Dr. Weissmann conducting.

One of the best examples of conducting may be found in a series of arias sung by Eva Turner for Columbia. The conductor is Sir Thomas Beecham, who, unfortunately, is not with us this season. Mme. Turner has been called "the English Destinn," one of those infelicitous descriptions that sometimes retard a newcomer. Mme. Turner does not come off too brilliantly, but it would be well to have one of her discs—possibly the doubling of "Vissi d'Arte" and "Suicidio"—merely for the stunning background provided by Sir Thomas.

THERE seems to be a great demand for selections from "Die Fledermaus." Victor and Odeon have excellent overtures. Columbia has a corking medley, directed by the youngest Johann Strauss, whose notions of tempi probably are "vom Hause aus," and which are called to the attention of other leaders who like to produce this delightful music. —R. A. S.

•

INSOLENCE

One brittle reed will flame with instant fire,
Lifting a sudden torch above the pool;
One wintry spark, blown softly with desire,
Will spring on burning tongues, and never cool

Till thoughts grow thick and cold. A match will flare
Importantly to light a cigarette;
And little, urgent hearts will always dare
To love excessively—and then forget!

—PATIENCE EDEN

•

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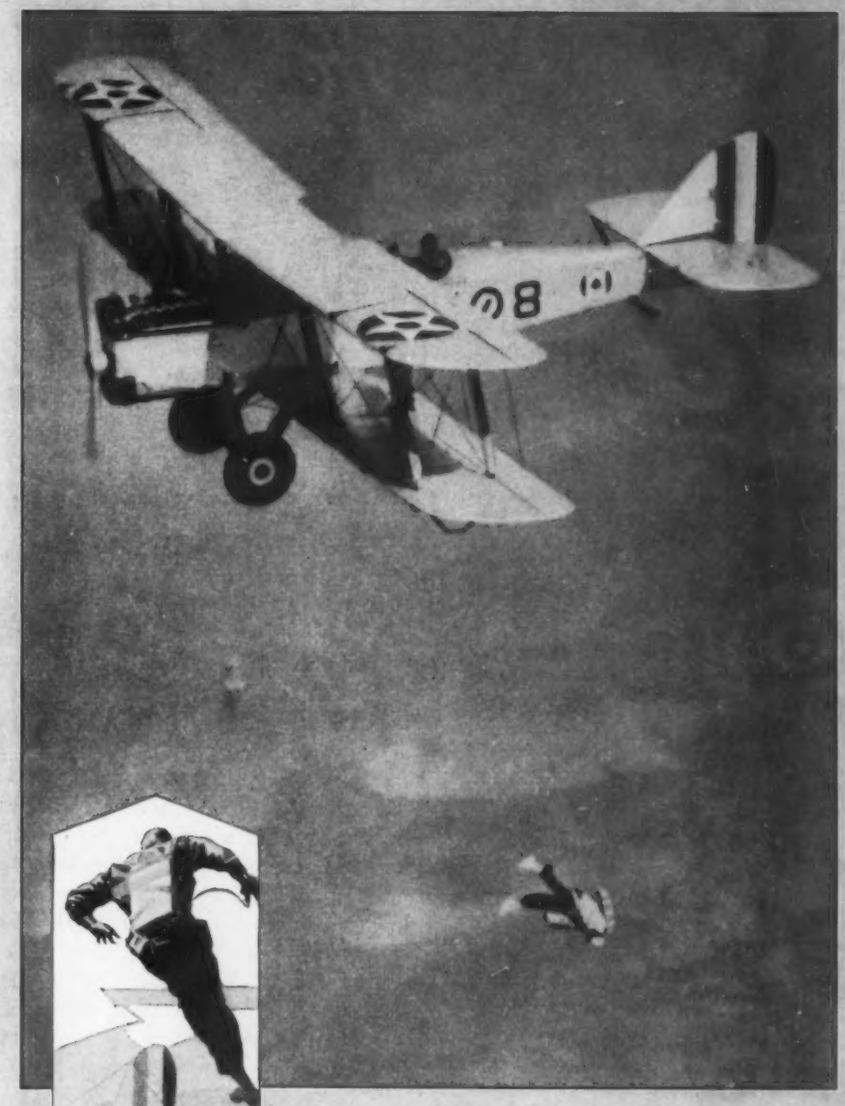

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Mr. Jannings Sees Life

THE only new picture worth leaving your cozy fireside to see is "Sins of the Fathers," with Emil Jannings, which opened this last week at the Rivoli. This picture has not the interest of "The Patriot," because there is no such subtlety of characterization, because it lacks the romantic and exotic background of St. Petersburg, and because it is permeated with the heavy German sentimentalism which is tiring and not attractive to our more acid temper.

"Sins of the Fathers" is somewhat in the mould of "The Last Laugh," with Jannings again cast as a waiter; at first in a big hotel, then in his own restaurant, later in prison, and at last in an amusement park. The theme is the love of a father for his son, a love which urges the waiter to become proprietor of a prosperous New York bar. When prohibition comes it drives him on to become a millionaire bootlegger, only to be jailed finally for dispensing poison whiskey. The major victim of his delinquency is, of course, the beloved son, who all at once goes blind before you, giving Jannings ample opportunity for a lavish display of paternal anguish.

In the comedy moments Jannings is always superb. The smack of his lips over pigs' knuckles, caviar, or a foaming glass of beer is a delight. But even his brilliant competence cannot save some moments of the story from a charge of banality. He is a little too much the victim of circumstances for a man so extravagantly successful as a rum-runner. His heart is too kind and abused for one in such a career as his, or for any career so remunerative.

As some compensation for dwelling on these lapses in the film, we must pay our compliments to the photography in the picture, especially that depicting the mad and poignant hilarity of the historic night in New York when the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect. That is fine.

THE other pictures of the week were either mediocre affairs or extremely distressing. One of the

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BOOKS, MAGAZINES AND THEATRE TICKETS

better is "The Wolf of Wall Street," at the Rialto, simply because of the personality and performance of Bancroft. The story, however, is feeble; and Baclanova is disappointing. Then there is "The Bellamy Trial," which was a good mystery story, you may remember, but which fares only moderately well on the screen, as the method of flashbacks from the courtroom to the crime is too sketchy to give any color of characterization or reality to the situation.

THE really sad offering of the week was the Barthelmess picture, "Weary River." Arrested as a gangster, Barthelmess goes to prison and there experiences a change of heart such as the most innocent uplift expert could not expect. He also discovers a talent for music and, recalling, doubtless, some casual reading from his early days as a gangster, writes a song about the weariest river. One gets the idea that prison is full of young people happy with their music, and sees Sing Sing as a close rival of Hotchkiss in the education of youth. Moreover, there is a benevolent warden, whose few kind words to the ex-gangster's mistress let the light into her heart also. Mr. Barthelmess sings his own song four times in the course of the film, and though his singing is agreeable, it is not remarkable, and certainly does not make up to the public for the absurdity of the rest of the film.

THE Richard Dix "natural color" picture, "Redskin," at the Criterion, has gaudy landscapes of the Navajo-Pueblo Indian territory, which are rather attractive in an overly cheerful way, but the story is a disagreeable one about the problems of the white race and its dealings with the Indians. If you are a collector of Navajo blankets you may get some pleasure out of the film, but otherwise you will not be much interested.

As a last warning in this benign column, don't be misled into thinking that at the Little Carnegie Playhouse you will find any glittering horrors of Devil's Island, the French penal colony. "Escaped from Hell" amounts to not much more than very bad European "society drama." —J. C. M.

•

M. MASON, funeral director and furniture. Once a customer, always a customer. —*Adv. in a dance program in Proctor, W. Va.*

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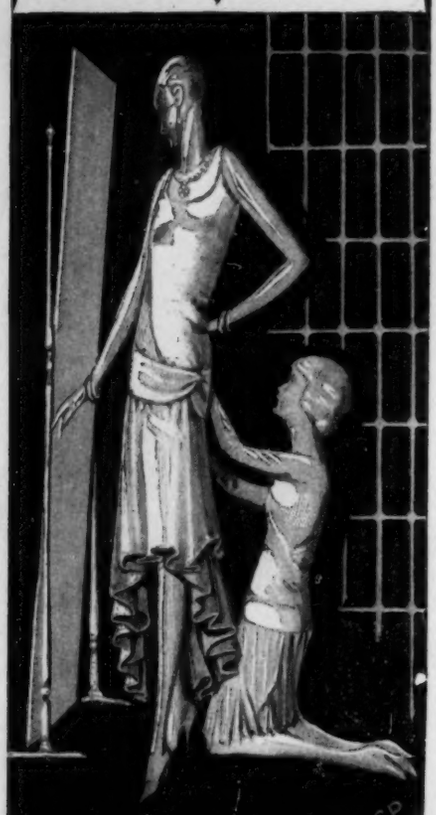

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DIETHYL PHTHALLATE VERSUS DIETHYLPHTHALATE

Or Poison Liquor and How to Spell

To the Editors of The New Yorker:

Sirs,

As the chemist in whose laboratory most of the analytical work connected with the *Telegram's* investigation of speakeasy liquor was made, I want to say that the article published under the heading "Poison" in the January 19 issue of The New Yorker is inaccurate and misleading.

Had Mr. Clarke made an effort to verify the numerous things which he states as facts, had he merely read the *Telegram* articles carefully, his article could not have been written. At first he criticizes the *Telegram* and its chemist for not reporting other poisons than wood alcohol, and then he criticizes them for reporting wood alcohol and sulphuric acid as poisonous. What he is trying to arrive at is difficult to see.

In the *Telegram* articles, there was printed a facsimile of one page of the fourteen-page report prepared by the writer on these analyses. This showed the form in which the reports on the samples were made. The headings at the top of this page included "Methanol (Wood Alcohol)," "Acetone," "Alkaloids," "Other Impurities and Artificial Coloring Matter." All of the impurities and some others listed by Mr. Clarke were tested for, and when found, the beverage was reported "Unsafe." When only artificial and no natural coloring matter was found, the product was reported as "Synthetic."

Of the fifty-four samples on this page alone, six contained methanol, two acetone, seven other impurities, and seventeen were unaged. On the same page of the *Telegram* (the issue of January 4) was printed a table comparing the quality of Scotch and Rye tested. Of a total of three hundred and forty-one samples of whiskey, sixty-four were reported as containing other impurities than wood alcohol; that is, they contained one or other of the various denaturants for which Mr. Clarke says no tests were made, and two hundred were reported as synthetic or unaged. From these published results, it is strange to conclude, as Mr. Clarke does, that "It . . . tends to foster in the public mind . . . a dangerous misconception concerning poisonous liquor."

Mr. Clarke should also do the public the service of spelling his chemical terms correctly. His qualifications as a serious critic of the careful work of the *Telegram* and its chemist are very much weakened by the fact that he does not seem to know how to spell "diethylphthalate" and "aldehol."

His crowning misstatement is the following: "Wood alcohol, as a matter of fact, is one of the easiest for the bootlegger to remove—and is therefore not very widely used in the Government formulas." In a report published in April, 1928, the Commissioner of Prohibition states that of a total of over ninety-four million gallons of alcohol denatured, over fifty-five million, or fifty-eight per cent, were denatured with wood alcohol. Evidently the Government thinks that it is difficult to remove wood alcohol.

The particular sample checked by the poison expert to whom Mr. Clarke evidently refers was checked entirely independently by another laboratory than the writer's, and was found to contain wood alcohol, before the results were published. This is also true of samples from each of the eleven places raided. Unless Mr. Clarke insists on being poisoned by both diethylphthalate and wood alcohol, rather than by only one of them, he would realize that as soon as a sample showed wood alcohol, it was unnecessary to find anything else.

The statement that it is not scientifically possible to distinguish between 0.2 per cent and 0.5 per cent wood alcohol was quoted by Mr. Clarke as the opinion of an expert he did not name.

It is evidently quite wrong of the *Telegram* to discourage the public from drinking sulphuric acid, just because Mr. Clarke apparently has a personal liking for it. Will Mr. Clarke drink 0.2 per cent sulphuric acid to prove that it will not burn his mucous membrane, and would he consider any sensation

"Why the dyspeptic glower, little boy?"

"Life's a juggernaut. My dear, it's got so mazy that I don't know where the next theatre ticket's coming from . . ."

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short of such burning as poisonous?

The serious development that Mr. Clarke declares vitiates the campaign from a scientific viewpoint is that two other analysts took two other samples and found something else. The Government chemists might just as well have gone to the nearest drugstore and tested samples of chocolate soda for all the scientific validity of the results. The samples taken by the Government chemists were taken at a much later date than those taken by the *Telegram*. In many cases they were not even of the same type of beverage.

APPROACHED from any angle, there can be no doubt that beverages containing wood alcohol are dangerous. The scientific paper quoted by the *Telegram* on the toxicity of wood alcohol, proves the desire of the *Telegram* to be scientifically accurate, by admitting that toxicity varies with the individual. There is another statement in the medical literature giving eight grams of wood alcohol as sufficient to cause blindness and thirteen grams as sufficient to cause death, which would reduce the thirteen-quart estimate of Mr. Clarke to between one and two quarts. This was not quoted by the *Telegram*, simply to avoid any suspicion of overstatement.

There is nothing in the report or in the *Telegram* articles which recommends raw unaged alcohol, pure or impure. As a matter of fact, all unaged samples were reported as such.

N. M. ELIAS, *Chemical Engineer*

•

To the Editors of THE NEW YORKER:
SIRS,

IN reply to this letter, I may state that, in spite of the points made, the thesis of my article—that the *Telegram* had discriminated between speakeasies on the basis of analyses which were not confirmed by independent analysts and, so far as they gave the impression to the public, were not sufficiently exhaustive to prove or disprove toxicity—still stands. The points which this correspondent raises are controversial, and one expert opinion is as good as another. I make no claim to being an expert in this field of chemistry myself, but the opinions quoted in my article are those of men who are certainly entitled to this designation. I may add, incidentally, that these gentlemen are expert *toxicological* chemists and not chemical *engineers*.

The details of the correspondent's

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THE

Front Page

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analytical results are interesting but irrelevant. Everyone knows that the *Telegram's* war-cry in this campaign was "wood alcohol." If the *Telegram's* chemist tested all these samples for all possible poisons (which I said was *apparently* not the case) then the glory is his. It is unfortunate that the three-column headlines in the *Telegram*, where wood alcohol was made synonymous with "poison," screened this fact. Also, the matter of the distinct disagreement among analysts as to the character of the beverages collected from the famous Eleven, slightly tinges with futility the work of this correspondent.

Much is said in extenuation of the fact that the Government chemists failed to confirm the *Telegram's* published results. The bootleggers, it is suggested, simply changed their source of supply. If they had done this, they would certainly have chosen their new stock on the basis of a chemist's report. Then, of course, none of the Eleven should have shown poison; for it surely would have been easy to find a jobber with a non-poisonous stock. But practically half of them did show the presence of adulterants—and, curiously enough, not in all cases the same adulterant as the *Telegram* reported.

The correspondent's figures on the prevalence of wood alcohol in Government formulas show plainly enough that nearly fifty per cent of denatured alcohol contains other poisons than wood alcohol, and the necessity of paying close attention to these other poisons is only emphasized. Furthermore, if wood alcohol is really so difficult for the bootleggers to remove, then it appears likely that the "cleaner" of industrial alcohol for illegal purposes would avoid alcohol thus denatured, and that traces of other poisons would frequently be found.

AS to the spelling of chemical words, my experience has been that this depends largely on the text book one studied at school. I was interested to notice in the *Telegram's* articles, however, that isopropyl alcohol was consistently misspelled as "isobropyl" alcohol.

The correspondent suggests that I drink some 0.2 sulphuric acid. While I hesitate to offer myself for scientific experimentation, my present feeling is that I should greatly prefer the sulphuric acid beverage to some of the samples which the *Telegram* reported to be pure. BEVERLY L. CLARKE

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Thea., 124 W. 43rd St.
HENRY MILLER'S Eves. at 8:50 Mats. Thurs. & Sat.

"MERRY ANDREW"
A NEW COMEDY
By LEWIS BEACH
with Walter Connolly, Effie Shannon and a distinguished cast

"'Poppa' is as delightful as 'The Show Off'. I have never enjoyed any comedy more."—Theodore Dreiser, America's Greatest Author.
THE UPROARIOUS FARCE
POPPA
HUDSON Thea., W. 44th St. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2:30

KNICKERBOCKER B'way & 38th St. Dir. A. L. Erlanger
Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
NED WAYBURN'S GAMBOLS
A MUSICAL SHOW OF YOUTH
"Shirley Richards excels, and is by far the loveliest and most rhythmic thing in Broadway hoofing circles."
—Percy Hammond, Herald Tribune

PLAYHOUSE West 48th St. Eves. 8:30 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:30
ELMER RICE'S NEW PLAY
STREET SCENE
"You find it as vital, as fascinating, as comic as the streets along which New York people live."
—J. Brooks Atkinson, Times.

[JED HARRIS PRODUCTIONS]
"SERENA BLANDISH"
A Fabulous Comedy by S. N. Behrman
Ruth A. E. Constance
GORDON MATTHEWS COLLIER
Production designed by Robert Edmond Jones
MOROSCO Thea., W. 45 St. Eves. 8:50 Mats. Wed. & Sat. 2:40

PRESIDENT 48 St. W. of B'way Smoking in Balcony
ALEXANDER CARR
in Hilarious Love Comedy
THE GUINEA PIG
with MARY CARROLL
"Refreshing."—Tribune. "Sparkling."—News.

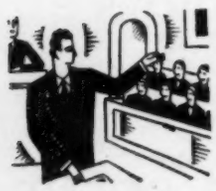
Seen at Reuben's

WILLIAM FOX'S penchant for the very best found expression in our own modestly named "Superior" Sandwich. Perhaps he had visions of transporting its delights via Movietone. Step by step he'd unfold its hidden charms. First—the layer of Reuben's own pet baked Virginia Ham—fragrant with the aroma of hickory smoke, spicy with cloves, crisp, sugary—delicious! Then the crisply roasted turkey, the sliced hard-boiled egg, tomato, Bermuda onion—hearts of lettuce, and Reuben's luscious Russian Dressing. What a talkie! You thought a mouthful, Mr. Fox.

* * *

RICHARD BARTHELMESS turned in, handsomely turned out, t'other morn. Every inch the beau monde. "The Patent Leather Kid" was rarin' to go. Zestfully he tackled a steaming dish of Reuben's own interpretation of Chili con Carne. Hot stuff. Tenderest steak, chopped very fine, baked with Chili peppers, piquantly seasoned Mexican beans, rice, and a variety of rich, fragrant spices. Shades of Spain—what a dish! And when the last minute morsel faded out, Dick flashed that "million dollar smile" of his, and we—well, we just threw our chest out proudly. Why not?

* * *



ASSISTANT District Attorney, FERDINAND PECORA, took some time off from the realm of law and order as represented by Mr. Banton's office, to delve into the "pros and cons" of a Reuben's Steak Sandwich Smothered in Onions. Picture for yourself—succulent, tender, juicy steak, *rare*, with a savory blanket of baby onions well browned, prepared in the Reuben manner—Umm! From the way that mouth-watering combination disappeared, we take it the "pros" have it. Thank you, Mr. Pecora!

REUBEN'S

Always Open: **Breakfast; Luncheon; Dinner; After Theatre**

Madison Ave. at 59th—Broadway at 81st

Philadelphia: 213 South Broad Street

from a sandwich to a National Institution

ON THE AIR

Names, Big and Little—Happiness and Gloom

THIS is the season of the year when the radio, free from thunderstorms, football games, and political controversies, goes into a frenzy of offering bigger and better programs. Any person who makes a front page is rushed to the nearest radio station, handed a speech, and switched right on. Any singer who is able to remember the words of "Pale Hands I Loved" is propped before the microphone. In the competitive fight for what are known as "big names," the sponsors of radio hours have left nothing sacred. Even movie openings are broadcast, and one may hear the star, the talkie noises, and the coughs of the audience.

THE latest proud old institution to succumb to the advance of science is the Radio-Keith-Orpheum Circuit. This means that you will be able to hear vaudeville performers on the radio every Tuesday night. You thought you had been listening to them all along? Ah, but those were vaudeville players out of jobs, or small fry eager to get chummy with Their Public. These stars are artistes who not only have jobs but have had jobs for the last twenty years.

The first of these R-K-O hours was run on the city-to-city switching plan—a trick that is supposed to knock you dead. One minute you are listening to a jazz band in Boston and the next minute someone in Milwaukee pipes up with: "Hello, folks, I am awfully glad to be with you tonight."

WE true devotees, who can trace our ancestry back to crystal sets, are born conservatives. Upstarts who have just discovered the radio may go chasing after every novelty that comes along, but unless a program has mellowed for a season, we look upon it as nothing but sensationalism. Give us the Happiness Boys every time.

The Happiness Boys—Billie Jones and Ernest Hare—are still at it, after six years of laughing at their jokes; not the best jokes, either—the kind that are published under the heading of "Wit and Humor from the Colleges." The Boys are downright impossible; but they are real radio personalities. When one of them is laid low with a cold, there is an aching void on the Friday night programs.

ANOTHER Happiness Boy is Walter Damrosch, who, after years of respectability, is now completely under the influence of the ether. Every Friday morning, Mr. Damrosch and his radio orchestra explain to school children such technical points as the difference between the French and English horn, thereby saving them from making some fatal mistakes. Every Saturday night, he plays—and talks—to a so-called adult audience.

He, too, is a real radio personality, and when you think of all those stifling years in Aeolian Hall, you can't blame him for cutting loose and acting like a musical Burton Holmes. Only an old crab would kick because his programs are chopped into short selections so that Mr. Damrosch may have a chance to read the perfectly delightful letter he received from an old lady out in Oregon.

THE Great Cigarette War is being carried to the air. The Lucky Strike Orchestra, over the N. B. C. network, will be countered by the Old Gold Orchestra, conducted by Paul Whiteman, over the Columbia Broadcasting System. The Lucky Strike Orchestra is led by B. A. Rolfe, who has it over Mr. Whiteman in that he plays a cornet. Nothing so rouses the radio audience as the sound of a cornet. Years ago, this same Mr. Rolfe was a partner of Jesse Lasky in a vaudeville act and later in the movie business. At one time he was manager of the Strand Theatre. But once a cornet player, always a cornet player. It gets in the blood.

NOW a word for Major Edward Bowes. The programs of the Capitol Family need a complete shaking and airing. Evidently the Major has taken an oath that he will play something by Victor Herbert every Sunday night. While his old rival and competitor, Roxy, is producing some of the best programs on the air, the Major is content with following the outlines of those bequeathed him by Roxy years ago. Moreover, when he conducts his little séance, he always acts as though he had just been dragged from an unusually good bridge game.

—LOUDSPEAKER

STAGGERING DEVELOPMENTS

The Future of the Whalen Régime

[*Discovered in conversation: Mrs. Porter Portland and her butler, Seaworthy*]

Mrs. Portland—Breakfast at the usual time tomorrow, Seaworthy.

Seaworthy—Yes, madam. Eight-thirty for Mr. Portland and eight-forty-two for you.

Mrs. Portland—But that's not—

Seaworthy—Ah, but you forget. We are making a change. Now inasmuch as Mr. Portland likes his egg boiled three minutes and you prefer fifteen we have decided it more efficient—

Mrs. Portland—Seaworthy, how clever of you! I had never thought of that. Ah, by the way, the Thorndikes and the Robinsons will be here for dinner tomorrow night. You'll see about the cocktails, of course.

Seaworthy—Certainly. I think it advisable to have Mr. Thorndike precede Mr. Robinson by a period of approximately twenty minutes.

Mrs. Portland—Seaworthy! I don't understand you!

Seaworthy—It has been my observation during my long service with you that Mr. Robinson achieves the same effect from two cocktails that Mr. Thorndike does with six—if you will pardon my saying so. And it was also my observation that when both of them drank two, Mr. Thorndike was inclined to be a bit morose, and that when both drank six, Mr. Robinson became a little–er–tipsy. I believe my plan will eradicate both of these contingencies.

Mrs. Portland—Splendid. And where will Mr. Portland come in?

Seaworthy (*bowing*)—Four, madam.

Mrs. Portland—Seaworthy, how tactful you are! Just the happy medium.

Seaworthy (*suddenly*) — Mrs. Wilkes will be here for tea at four today.

Mrs. Portland—At four!

Seaworthy—Yes, although that is an unusually early hour, I took the liberty, inasmuch as Mrs. George is expected at five, and Mrs. Wilkes and Mrs. George are not especially con—

Mrs. Portland—Really, Seaworthy,

Though smiles reveal glistening teeth

NOBODY'S IMMUNE*

*Pyorrhea, Ignoring Teeth and Attacking Gums, Takes 4 out of 5 As Its Victims

EVERY time you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously with the dentifrice specifically made for the purpose—Forhan's for the Gums. For only proper care of the gums will preserve teeth and safeguard health against the attack of dread Pyorrhea.

Nobody's immune from this disease of neglect, which, if allowed to pursue its course unmolested, ravages health and beauty. And 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger pay heavy toll to this dread foe.

See your dentist at least once every six months, and start using Forhan's regularly, morning and night.

Results Will Delight You

After using this dentifrice for a few days you will notice a distinct improvement in the health and appearance of your gums. They will be firmer, healthier and more youthful. As you know, Pyorrhea and other dread diseases seldom attack healthy gums.

In addition, your teeth will be cleaner and whiter. For without the use of harsh abrasives Forhan's cleans teeth and protects them from acids which cause decay.

Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist today. Two sizes—35c and 60c. Start using it every morning and every night. Teach your children this habit. They will thank you in later years for it is health insurance. Forhan Company, New York.

Forhan's for the Gums is far more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.

Forhan's

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Feminine Charm

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Crème Simon, designed for the hands as well as the face, protects effectively against the rigors of the winter elements.

Crème Simon is free of greasy ingredients. Soothing and pleasant to use, Crème Simon becomes a most luxurious part of the daily toilet.

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For sale everywhere.

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PARIS

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Sole U. S. Agent
120 West 41st Street, New York, N.Y.

I sometimes think you're inspired!

SEAWORTHY—No, madam, merely efficient.

MRS. PORTLAND—And now, Seaworthy, you can bring me a cocktail.

SEAWORTHY—Unfortunately, madam, we lack the major ingredient.

MRS. PORTLAND—Gin?

SEAWORTHY—Yes.

MRS. PORTLAND—But Mr. Portland expressly told that man to deliver a case this morning.

SEAWORTHY—I am afraid you forget. You are residing on Sixty-third Street, and delivery on the odd-numbered streets in this zone is only permitted on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

MRS. PORTLAND—Good lord, a new edict?

SEAWORTHY—Yes, madam, the authorities believe it avoids congestion and makes for efficiency.

MRS. PORTLAND—That will be all, then.

SEAWORTHY—Very good, madam.

(*Exit*)

—PARKE CUMMINGS

•

GLIMPSES OF THE MAGNIFICENT

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A Japanese acrobat
Displays his agility,
Musically and physically
With equal effect.

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Detached and nonchalant,
Executes casually and languidly
What others have tried to master
For fifty years.

KREISLER

The Soul of Music
Rises from a wondrous
Imperturbable rock
That stands serenely
On top of the world.

MENUHIN

Little Boy Blue
Come play Beethoven,
Then stoop and do
A roundelay;
And when that's through
Go out and play.

—DON MUIR STROUSE

•

He is a great cook lover, and devotes much of his time to this hobby.—*Barnesville (O.) Whetstone.*

Well, this is an ungraceful age.

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RECENT BOOKS

London, Paris, and Charleston

DU BOSE HEYWARD has been wise enough not to try to repeat "Porgy" in "Mamba's Daughters." He has carried Catfish Row—in the person of Mamba, a splendid and slightly disreputable old negress—out into the Four Hundred of Charleston. He has divided, rather unevenly, his attention between the white aristocracy and the singing, brawling, loving blacks. The two stories run parallel. We found ourselves relatively uninterested in the Wentworths (Mamba's adopted white folks) except for "Saint," the son and heir of a gentility which is only financially decayed. We were, however, completely absorbed by the metamorphosis of Mamba; by the tragedy of the gigantic Hagar, her daughter; by the romantic rise of Lissa, her granddaughter. There are passages of gorgeous black humor and of poignant black misery in this novel, and Mamba is a gay, gallant, and heroic figure.

THE moral of Isa Glenn's new novel, "Transport," is: Don't marry into the army if you are squeamish about your reputation; and if you have no designs on the army but value your self-esteem, don't go on a world cruise. "Transport" tells what happens to a group of people thrown into an artificial intimacy for three weeks while an army transport steams between San Francisco and Manila. There are half a dozen novels implicit in the situations which arise when monotony, and heat, and isolation have had their way with the passengers and their conventional behavior. Part of the book's effectiveness comes from Mrs. Glenn's avoidance of "telling all she knows" about her characters. There is no going back to dig up old stories; a word here, an allusion there, and one has the substance of what has gone before in these lives, as well as a sharp understanding of the emotional typhoon which has them in its grip.

THE short stories which make up the new volume by G. B. Stern, "The Slower Judas," are of varying merit. Some of them—"Sanctuary" and "A Man and His Mother," for example—are exceptionally good; others, which shall be nameless, exceptionally tiresome. It seems to us that G. B. Stern's particular genius is in the field of the novel. She sees life in a long perspective and she builds up her picture of it with meticulous attention to its minutiae. Her short stories often seem like isolated details lacking a background to give them reality.

IN "A Voyage to the Island of the Articoles," André Maurois recounts a voyage made by a young Frenchman and a charming companion across the Pacific. Their journey is broken for them at the island of Maiana, where the members of the ruling class are called Articoles—creative artists, all of them—and the privilege of serving the Articoles is given to the Beos. Occasionally intermarriage is permitted to keep the homefires burning. Naturally, the Articoles took some explaining to the travellers, and the director of the Psycharium does her best.

"What is the difference between the Articoles and the Beos? Only their origin?"

"Oh no, not at all! Here birth doesn't count; it is what you work at which decides what caste you belong to. The Articoles are purely artistic in function. They write, they paint, they compose music; they cannot follow any trade, not even the book trade, for fear of being prosecuted. An Articole may not possess money."

"But how does he live?"

"He lives, thanks to the Beos. I should tell you that many of them have acquired large fortunes. Whoever wishes to work here quickly acquires great wealth. But the only pleasure of the rich Beos, and especially of his wife and daughters, is to support the Articoles. Every evening, between five and seven o'clock, you

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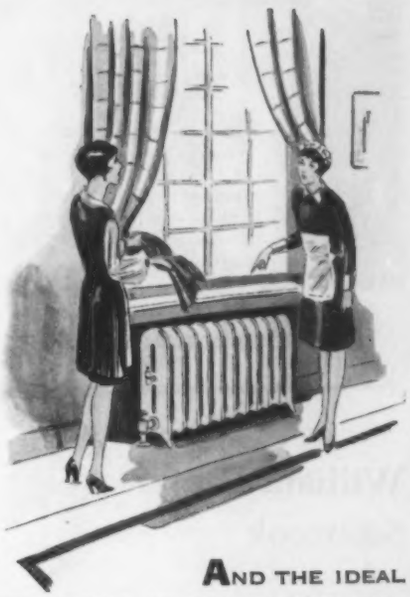
ALWAYS SOIL WALLS AND DRAPERIES



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William B. Seabrook

is the man who got us excited about Arabia—and has now spent a year on Haiti and discovered there strange and mysterious doings which have set the world to talking about

The Magic Island

Virginia Woolf

WHOSE

Orlando

is the delightful tale of a young Elizabethan nobleman who survived a difficult period as a Victorian lady and is last seen as a very modern young man.

Paul de Kruif

HIS BOOK

Hunger Fighters

the story of outlandish forgotten men who have tricked Nature into increasing our food supply, is as much a *tour de force* as was

Microbe Hunters

HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY

may see in the houses of the Beos planters, tables loaded with cakes and sweets, and meat and drink, in front of which the Articoles make their appearance for a few minutes. Young Beos girls are there to wait on them, and in exchange pick up the few words that the Articoles let fall . . . when the gentlemen are able to speak at all."

As you can judge, there is more in this graceful and pungent little satire than meets the eye!

MURIEL DRAPER's "Music at Midnight" is a book of unusual charm, both in substance and manner. In it she sets down her recollections of six years in Florence and London, just before the war, while Paul Draper was studying German *lieder*, and their house was a centre for men and women of genius and personality. There was always music; Harold Bauer, Arthur Rubinstein, Pablo Casals, Ysaye, and others; and there was always good talk, informal and friendly; and there was caviar and champagne. In the brief personal glimpses which Mrs. Draper gives of the famous people who came to the house in Edith Grove, there is no hint of exploitation, only the appreciation that one has for the qualities of one's friends, and sometimes a slightly humorous view of these qualities. In and out of these memories go Henry James and Norman Douglas, John Sargent, May Sinclair, Gertrude Stein, Mabel Dodge, Baroness Von Hutten, Eleonora Duse, and, by no means the least engaging of them all, the authoress herself.

ARNOLD BENNETT's latest novel is "Accident." It is the story of the middle-aged Alan Frith-Walter's holiday journey to Rome, and what happens to him, his son, his daughter-in-law, and some fellow travellers on the Rome Express. It is a light novel, witty and ironic, with some entertaining twists of plot which must not be divulged, for upon them the chief virtue of the book rests. If you belong to the Five Towns school of Bennett readers you may think that "Accident" is trivial, but you will have to admit that it is entertaining.

—R. L. L.

•

The Dictograph Products Company, Inc., has received its initial order for the new model motor dictographs to be used on the custom jobs of General Motors' closed cars.—*The Herald Tribune.*

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

Accident, by Arnold Bennett (*Doubleday, Doran*). A train journey between Paris and Rome involves the lives of several more or less delightful people. Very diverting.

Mamba's Daughters, by Du Bose Heyward (*Doubleday, Doran*). How Mamba got herself "white folks" and fought for her granddaughter's chance. An admirable picture of old Charleston in a new age.

Transport, by Isa Glenn (*Knopf*). What happens to a group on an army transport between San Francisco and Manila. Excellent psychology and an absorbing story.

A Voyage to the Island of the Articoles, by André Maurois (*Appleton*). A trip to an island populated by creative artists and their "public." Amusing satire.

The Slower Judas, by G. B. Stern (*Knopf*). Short stories that are not up to her novels but nevertheless contain some fine stuff.

The Snake Pit, by Sigrid Undset (*Knopf*). Volume II of a magnificent tetralogy, "The Master of Hestviken." Fine characterization and plot. Don't miss its predecessor, "The Axe."

Procession, by Fannie Hurst (*Harper*). Five characteristic short stories just to show what their author can do between novels.

First Love, by E. M. Delafield (*Harper*). The emotion everyone experiences—once—treated tenderly and searchingly.

Peder Victorious, by O. E. Rolvaag (*Harper*). The author of "Giants in the Earth" carries on the account of Per Hansa's son in a sincere story of the revolt of youth.

Through Beds of Stone, by M. L. Haskins (*Knopf*). Really distinguished writing and a close analysis of the growth of a woman's soul. Not for the reader who wants his plots hot off the griddle.

While the Bridegroom Tarried, by Edna Bryner (*Dutton*). The relations of an egoist to various women. A curious and not always lucid tale, pretentiously written.

The Gallant Came Late, by Marian Storm (*Putnam*). A first novel of sincerity and beauty, particularly effective in its treatment of the heroine's youth on a Maine farm.

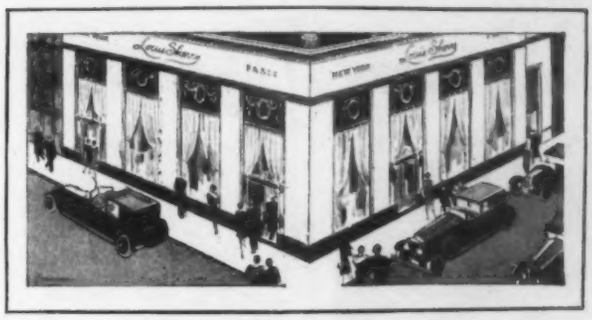
Mantis, by Ethelreda Lewis (*Simon & Schuster*). The discoverer of Trader Horn makes entomology in South Africa the background for a novel of unusual freshness and romantic appeal.

Joseph and His Brethren, by H. W. Freeman (*Holt*). A book in the Hardy tradition, with a farm as its central figure.

Private Suhren, by George von der Vring (*Harper*). The daily life and thought of a soldier in the German war machine.

Less recent:

Six Moral Tales from Jules Lafourge, translated by Frances Newman. The Rebel Generation, by Jo van Ammers-Küller. Mist, by Miguel de Unamuno. The Well of Loneliness, by Radclyffe Hall. The Mad Professor, by Hermann Sudermann. Stride of Man, by Thames Williamson. The Case of



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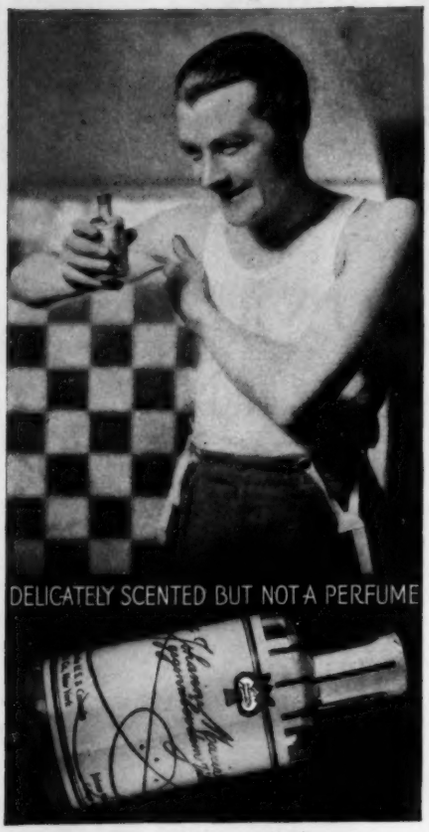

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Soothes—smooths—heals the nicks. As fine as the cologne which forms its base. Ask at the better shops for *Farina's Red Crest Shaving Lotion*. Price $1.

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COLOGNE
BATH SALTS BATH POWDER
Look for the Red Crest

SERGEANT GRISCHA, by Arnold Zweig. HOW THE OLD WOMAN GOT HOME, by M. P. Shiel.

MYSTERIES

DEAD MEN'S SHOES, by Lee Thayer (*Sears*). Peter Clancy, one of our favorite detectives, investigates a crime which "looks more like an execution than a murder."

DEATH AT FOUR CORNERS, by Anthony Gilbert (*Dial Press*). Murder or suicide? A dead man is discovered not far from the house of his enemy. Carefully constructed and well written.

FOOTPRINTS, by Kay Cleaver Strahan (*Doubleday, Doran*). The deserving winner of the Scotland Yard Prize. The author of "The Desert Moon Mystery" tells the story of another baffling murder on a ranch.

NIGHTMARE, by Gerald Mygatt (*Penn*). A gang of crooks plan kidnapping, hypnotism, and mutilation as a means of making a fortune. A hair-raising and entertaining tale.

THE EYE OF OSIRIS, by R. Austin Freeman (*Dodd, Mead*). A typical Dr. Thorndyke solution of the mystery of John Bellingham's disappearance. Up to standard.

THE CASE WITH NINE SOLUTIONS, by J. J. Connington (*Little, Brown*). Four murders, all related, give this excellent story its full allowance of thrill.

PARADISE COURT, by J. S. Fletcher (*Doubleday, Doran*). A beautiful girl is traced to the haunts of Russian kidnappers. Not a grade A Fletcher.

THE HOUSE IN TUESDAY MARKET, by J. S. Fletcher (*Knopf*). And this one is! A mummified corpse revives an old scandal and an old crime. Excellent.

THE SPECTACLES OF DR. CAGLIOSTRO, by Harry S. Keeler (*Dutton*). A millionaire's son receives a strange bequest and finds himself in an insane asylum.

THE HIDDEN WOMAN, by James Hay, Jr. (*Dodd, Mead*). That bootlegging and love do not mix is the lesson taught by this not-too-convincing murder story.

THE TULE MARSH MURDER, by Nancy Barr Mavity (*Doubleday, Doran*). Good writing added to an ingenious plot makes this one of the most entertaining mysteries we have read in a long time.

MURDER AT SEA, by Richard Connell (*Minton, Balch*). Loud huzzahs for this one, in which a man is discovered murdered on a Bermuda-bound liner.

ENTER SIR JOHN, by Clemence Dane and Helen Simpson (*Cosmopolitan*). Two skillful writers collaborate on a highly diverting story whose style compensates for a plot that is not very convincing.

THE HOUSE OF THE THREE GANDERS, by

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Irving Bacheller (*Bobbs-Merrill*). An actual murder trial in upstate New York supplied the idea of this novel, which we found slow-going and not very entertaining.

General

Music at Midnight, by Muriel Draper (*Harper*). An informal and fascinating chronicle of Muriel and Paul Draper's life and friendships during six colorful years in Florence and London.

Simon Girty, by Thomas Boyd (*Minton, Balch*). The bad man of the border, who cast his lot with the Indians and the British during the Revolution, makes a picturesque subject.

Personalities of Antiquity, by Arthur Weigall (*Doubleday, Doran*). New aspects of some famous ancient characters. Thirty sprightly and informative sketches by a scholar who humanizes his subject.

The Magic Island, by W. B. Seabrook (*Harcourt, Brace*). Voodoo, witchcraft, and black magic in Haiti make this an exciting and colorful book.

The Way the World Is Going, by H. G. Wells (*Doubleday, Doran*). A characteristic group of reflections on contemporary tendencies, with guesses and forecasts of the years ahead.

An Anthology of World Poetry, edited by Mark Van Doren (*Boni*). All countries and all periods are represented by the best translations available.

The Reign of the House of Rothschild, by Count Egon Caesar Corti (*Cosmopolitan*). A continuation of the fascinating history of the golden Titans from 1830 to the present day.

Less recent:

Cawdor, by Robinson Jeffers. Black Rock and Other Poems, by John Gould Fletcher. Winter Words in Various Moods and Metres, by Thomas Hardy. The Great Enlightment, by Lee Wilson Dodd. Outline of Careers for Women, edited by Doris Fleischman. Jews Are Like That, by Analyticus. Man the Miracle Maker, by Hendrik Willem van Loon. The Diary of Dostoyevsky's Wife. The Early Life of Thomas Hardy, by Florence Emily Hardy. Memoirs of Madame de Pompadour, by Madame du Hausset. Schumann-Heink, by Mary Lawton. The Tragedy of Edward VII, by W. E. Edwards. Fabulous New Orleans, by Lyle Saxon. Jubilee Jim: The Life of Col. James Fisk, Jr., by Robert H. Fuller. I Saw It Myself, by Henri Barbusse. Fool's Errand, by Alexander Laing. The Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti. Moses, by Louis Untermeyer. Sonnets, by Edwin Arlington Robinson. Paris Salons, Cafés, Studios, by Sisley Huddleston.

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SALT LAKE CITY, Jan. 11 (A.P.)—Burglars long have worn gloves to avoid leaving finger marks. Here's one who walks on his hands to prevent telltale footprints. Climbing to the top of a store here, the burglar walked on his hands across the snowy roof to a trapdoor, the police reported today. Then he kicked a hole through the ceiling and escaped with $135.—*Boston Herald.*

He should have *bitten* the hole through the ceiling, and thrown away his teeth.

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and Star of the Stage.

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reach for a Lucky
a most effective way of
retaining a trim figure"

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